The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909.

The Week.

The affair of the mislaid document, as Sherlock Holmes might have called it, brings embarrassment even upon the usually imperturbable Aldrich. Accused of having hidden away a valuable report on manufactures and wages compiled by the German Government at the request of our Ambassador at Berlin, the chairman of the Finance Committee assured his fellow-Senators in quick succession that he doubted whether there was such a report, that it was lying about somewhere waiting to be translated, that Germany was presumptuous in trying to shape our tariff laws for us, that the report was quite useless anyhow, and that he should be delighted to have it printed for the instruction of the Senate. In the absence of competent translators at Washington, Senator Aldrich must have gone on his own knowledge of the German language when he concluded that it would only be a waste of the Senate's time to bring the document to its attention. That Mr. Aldrich wished to prevent the report from falling into the hands of the insurgents, we hardly believe. What could the Senate leader have feared? He can afford to let the Opposition disclaim, the press protest, the House grumble, and the President cherish anxious doubts, because Aldrich has the one best answer to all—he has the votes. Why, then, should a bookful of statistics more or less bother him?

Conflicting press reports have led to a widespread misunderstanding in regard to the actual outcome of the Georgia Railway strike. It is not true that the railway has given in on the essential point—the employment of negro firemen. It conceded a number of unimportant points and signed an agreement to arbitrate the questions under the Erdman act. The first of these is the important one, for it raises the color issue in three-fold form: Shall all negro firemen be barred from employment on the Georgia Railroad; if employed, what percentage of the total number shall they constitute; and shall they retain their present privilege of promotion by seniority over white firemen? The railway stood its ground to the end, with admirable firmness, refusing to arbitrate until the arrival of Mr. Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission, when it yielded to pressure to the extent of consenting to arbitration. The important race question is, therefore, unanswered. Should the arbitrators be swayed by the race issue, the outcome would be serious, for it would become a precedent for limiting the employment of blacks in other directions. It would, therefore, have been better if the strike could have been settled without arbitration—but that would have had to come about by the complete surrender of the union. The railway had absolute justice on its side, and fought admirably for employees of proved worth and of long service whose sole offending is the color of their skins.

Gov. Hoke Smith can get little satisfaction out of the Southern newspapers for his attitude in the Georgia Railroad strike. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, after discussing his attitude, remarks that the "evil of incompetent government seems to be growing in this country, and unless there is soon a change for the better, the most serious disorders must result." It thinks that Gov. Smith had no business whatever to arbitrate between individuals, but that his sole duty was to enforce the law according to his oath of office. It also accuses men like Hoke Smith of being ready to enforce the law only when there is no personal or political danger in so doing. The Columbia, S. C., *State* avers that "the spirit of the demagogue has for long pervaded high places in Georgia," and adds, "it got lodgment in the State House, and has crowded up alongside of many an editor." It manfully declares that the people of Thomas, Georgia, have no "earthly right" to say whether the railway traversing that town shall employ negro or white firemen, or whether those firemen shall be union men or non-union men. Finally, the Macon *Telegraph* finds it necessary to demand that "the strong arm of the State should protect society against anarchy," and it denies that an "outside and vicious element which resorts to violence has any natural, legal, or moral right to imperil life and limb and property."

The election of Congressman William Lorimer as United States Senator from Illinois, to succeed Albert J. Hopkins, reflects little credit on the State. The Legislature went through the painful travail of ninety-five roll-calls, extending over more than four months, only to give us in the end this particularly small mouse. The opportunity for congratulating the State of Illinois is wanting, not because a poor candidate has been selected where a good one might have been had, but because the State's politics should be in such a pitiful welter as to make the long-drawn fight an utterly selfish and unprincipled game between politicians of a low order, and the inevitable result the election of one candidate out of a very bad lot. The new Senator was elected by fifty-five Republican and fifty-three Democratic votes. No pretence was made that this bi-partisan arrangement was anything but a bargain. Mr. Lorimer has announced no platform on which he might claim the support of even the Republican legislators.

The removal of Census Director North was undoubtedly hastened by his hostility to his official superior, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. But Mr. North's departure for some other sphere of usefulness became inevitable after the revelation of what loyal service he did for the wool manufacturers during the last tariff revision, whenever Senator Aldrich was ill and the other members of the Finance Committee did not know what it was all about. One admirable thing about our straightforward President is that he takes no pains to conceal what is meant by the "resignation" of an official against whom just cause of complaint exists. Mr. North's resignation, we are told from the White House, "was based on the ground that, on account of conditions existing and likely to continue, his administration of the office would probably not be successful." The unfavorable conditions with which Mr. North would have to contend were presumably that he might turn up some morning to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

find his office door locked against him by order of the President.

Mr. Harriman's interview on the financial and industrial outlook is not the less interesting because pitched in some respects to a note of conservatism. That "the business of the country is now on a very substantial basis" is an assertion with which most people will agree. That Mr. Harriman "does not think the tariff legislation will be of much importance" to the financial outcome, one way or the other, contrasts oddly with the attitude of some other Wall Street oracles, who have for months been asserting that the "trade boom" was merely waiting, stop-watch in hand, for the enactment of any kind of tariff bill. Mr. Harriman even goes so far as to pay some attention to our agricultural situation and the doubts surrounding the new crop—a consideration which a good part of Wall Street seems to have dismissed as wholly irrelevant. This, furthermore, is a prediction which will make a good many people open their eyes: "We are building now firmly and soundly. If a tide of speculation sets in rapidly again, and we jump things up thirty or forty stories and then smash, the fall will naturally be greater." Saul is surely among the prophets. But Mr. Harriman guards carefully against the possibility that there was some connection between the panic of 1907 and the "jumping of things up thirty or forty stories" in the preceding twelvemonth. This Mr. Harriman denies; he would naturally deny it:

> That panic was directly caused by the extraordinary Landis decision and the general attitude prevailing at the time against the railroads and corporations generally.

No one will be astonished at Mr. Harriman's tenacity in this belief. It would be superfluous to ask just how the Standard Oil decision, extraordinary as it no doubt was, should have caused the suspension of the Knickerbocker and the run on the other trust companies, or how a court verdict in Indiana during August should have brought about panic on the Egyptian market in April and on the Japanese market in June. But perhaps this is ancient history.

Frankness is contagious. After "The Confessions of a Railway Signalman" it was certain that the railways, too, would take the public into their confidence. The Pennsylvania has now promised full publicity regarding every accident. We have not forgotten that the Pennsylvania did not kill a single traveller last year. But should all details about maimed employees, sleeping switchmen, careless yard-bosses, and slaughtered tramps be given out, we should soon have a valuable fund of information with which to shape future industrial legislation. Honestly collected, it will fix responsibility where it belongs, and tell us whether the harsh things Mr. Fagan says about railway labor-unions exceed the truth or fall short of it. Whether the Pennsylvania can live up to its programme is the most interesting question. A conspiracy of silence is supposed to exist among railway employees, for mutual protection against discharge.

We cannot but admire the infinite concern with which a goodly portion of the American press is watching affairs in Cuba. No fond mother has ever conjured up so portentous a list of perils about the head of her absent boy as we are descrying in the path of the Gomez Administration. We call that giving the Cubans a fair chance. A few months ago it was still in order to predict a revolution and the collapse of the new Administration. At the present moment, Cuba's budget is bringing on the fall of the republic. President Gomez believes that the budget will balance at about $33,000,000, but we know better. We know that the island's income cannot go above $26,000,000, and that a deficit of $7,000,000 is proof absolute of Cuba's inability to govern herself. No other government on earth is ever bothered with deficits. We have none. England has none. Germany has none. Hence the mere prospect of a deficit in Cuba is sufficient reason for wailing over the worthlessness of her people and her government. Should this alarm prove vain, we can still fall back on the chances of a revolution. True, says one critic, "the prospects of success from that kind of a move do not now seem as good as they did at first." But why lose hope? "When the sugar cane is well grown it will take a slight effort to burn a field of cane now and then." Thus if any disgruntled Cuban politician is at a loss how to start up a row and a revolt, all he has to do is to consult a file of American newspapers.

Civilization may slacken his class rush, and even tone down football rules; but the undergraduate will not have his vacations tampered with. "A death-blow to intercollegiate baseball, rowing, and track meets!" is his description of Ithaca's proposed calendar, from which all save three holidays during the year are scratched off. Professors fancy they need a few more weeks to round off their courses, but the undergraduate kindly explains that, under the steady drive from January to June, with never more than one Saturday a week in the grandstand, his nerves will tear to shreds and "frequent outbreaks of lawlessness and riot" will result. Those shredded nerves are something of a mystery. Up to commencement day you see them, and, on the next, you don't. Mr. A.B. climbs up on his seven-dollar-a-week stool, unmurmuring, and there he drives from Monday morning to Saturday noon, fifty weeks of every fifty-two. Ten years later, his chin is double and his smile as broad as ever. If you ask about the shredded nerves, he winks. It is very strange, and stranger yet when we hear students at Western universities asking for a year-round session, after the Chicago plan.

The broad streak of sanity Englishmen are exhibiting toward Holbein's "Christina of Denmark" augurs well for their recovery from the anti-German delirium. Canniness has not yet perished off their island, when art dealers cannot play patriotism for any figure they choose. At noon Tuesday the option on the painting expired, but no indignant loyalist rushed into the broker's office on the very stroke of the hour, frantically waving a fistful of £1,000 notes and crying that the American invasion must be checked at any price. At the National Gallery, it is said, visitors talked more about the absurd sum asked for the canvas than about its beauty or the necessity of keeping it at home. Well, indeed, for the cause of art, if millionaire collectors are taking their cue from such sentiments, rather than from the doubts about the Duke of Norfolk's right to sell the masterpiece. Spent for pictures in the measure that their beauty appeals to the eye, $305,000 will bring vastly more delight than can a single Holbein portrait.

When the Lord Chief Justice of Eng-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land finds it proper to denounce publicly a new British statute, it must be a pretty bad one. This the new patent law, which has been roughly handled by Lord Alverstone, undeniably is. It embodies the protective principle, since it was drawn with a view to compelling foreign owners of English patents to manufacture their products in Great Britain, or lose their rights. To attempt to manufacture work for English laborers by this device is as mediæval as our own American idea of building a tariff wall and excluding foreigners' goods, in order to compel the starting of unnecessary American factories. One of the first results of this English law was a vigorous effort in our Congress to retaliate against British patents. Fortunately, this came to naught; but the ill-will already provoked by the British action will not be easily ended. The International Chemistry Congress, before which Lord Alverstone spoke, took the proper view of the case, and resolved to agitate for a return to the old basis, on which the manufacture of a device in a country having international conventions protects the patent rights in all the other nations. As Lord Alverstone well said, if the present law remains on the statute books, it will result in people keeping their inventions secret. Why should a Liberal Free Trade Ministry have consented to such a law?

Count Zeppelin may spare Mr. Carnegie the necessity of haling Germany and England before an international court on the charge of disturbing the world's peace with battleships. After the Count's astonishing flight from Friedrichshafen to Bitterfeld and return, all of London's bogey-dressers ought to desert the Dreadnought-mad party for the airship-mad. A dirigible balloon that travels nearly 1,000 miles without once having to stop, can well leave Cologne at night and be over the Parliament towers in the dark of the following evening. Let the winds and landing difficulties handicap it as they will, nevertheless, it will convince even a Clyde calker, if it should fulfil the promise Count Zeppelin makes for it in *Putnam's* by carrying twelve persons 2,500 miles at high altitude without a descent. Mr Carnegie might well leave European diplomats to their wiles, and invite the Count to visit him at Skibo, by the overhead route, of course.

From Constantinople come rumors of impending trouble. There is discontent with the Young Turks in the capital. The various nationalities, Greeks, Armenians, and Albanians, are restless, and in Asia Minor there is danger of another Moslem outbreak. It is, of course, impossible, at this distance, to say how much truth there is in the dispatches. But, in any case, before giving ourselves up to the impression which such reports may tend to create, namely, that the Young Turks are not equal to the task they have assumed, it is only fair to compare what the Young Turks have accomplished and have failed to accomplish with what others in their place would or could have done. Say that Asia Minor is restless, and that it may be necessary to hasten an army there to prevent a renewal of the massacres, say even that the massacres come, and in what way will things be worse than they were before the Young Turks came to power? Before the revolution of last July, Macedonia was a veritable cockpit in which Bulgarians, Greeks, Servians, and Turks tore at each other and at the helpless peasantry. Ten thousand peaceful folk were slaughtered in Macedonia during the last five years. With the proclamation of a Constitution, the slaughter in Macedonia ceased. Then came the temporary eclipse of the Young Turk power in April last, and two or three days of Abdul Hamid brought on the slaughter in Asia Minor. The Young Turks took Constantinople, and the massacres ceased. Whatever errors the Young Turks in their inexperience may make, whatever mutinies they may still have to deal with, whatever hangings they may still be determined upon, is it conceivable that they will cost Turkey a portion even of the slaughter and the general wretchedness that preceded their triumph, and would accompany their fall?

The introduction of compulsory voting in Spain has brought an unprecedented number of electors to the polls. Parliamentary elections in that country are notoriously manipulated by the party in power, which can fit itself out with any majority it thinks becoming. Such control from above was made easier by the existence of the large body of electors who stayed away from the polls. These have now been brought out into the open, and as a result, in the recent municipal elections, between 80 and 90 per cent. of the entire electorate cast their votes. Apparently, Spain has been holding a large store of latent radical opinion. Although a Conservative Ministry is now in power, there were chosen 481 Republicans, Liberals, and Democrats, 253 Conservatives, and over a hundred Radicals of various shades. Madrid elected 12 Republican councillors, 2 Liberals, 1 Democrat, and 7 Conservatives, thus giving the Republicans an absolute majority. Valencia chose 15 Republicans, against 10 of all other parties. In Valladolid, 12 Liberals, 6 Republicans, and 3 Conservatives were elected; in La Coruña, 7 Republicans, 3 Liberals, and 3 others; in Córdoba, 10 Republicans, 6 Liberals, and 6 Conservatives. The growth of the Republican sentiment seems all the stranger because Alfonso XIII's popularity is apparently great.

In the June *Review of Reviews*, Edward A. Steiner has a brief but exceedingly interesting article on "How Returning Emigrants are Americanizing Europe." In 1907, for instance, nearly 800,000 aliens recrossed the ocean. In ordinary years the exodus is much smaller, but still very large. There is not a town or village of any size between Naples and Warsaw, Mr. Steiner believes, that has not its visitor or repatriated citizen from across the seas. First in importance are the savings brought back by emigrants. They buy land, and often cheaply because large estates are forced upon the market by scarcity of labor. Between 1899 and 1905, peasant holdings in certain districts of Russian Poland increased 418 per cent. In one Hungarian village the peasants, with American money, have acquired the entire manorial estate, including a fine castle. But from America come, too, a new spirit and new habits. The slow pace of peasant labor is whipped up under the stimulus of Yankee "hustle." American clothes and haberdashery are entering on wide conquests. Slav villages catch the glint of patent leather shoes and the glitter of dentist's gold, those two predominant traits of our life that struck Henry James in New York. Finally, we record the advent into the peasant hut of the doctrine of fresh air, and a marked improvement in the treatment of women.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE TARIFF IMMORALITIES.

Monday's tariff debate was as illuminating as any that the Senate has given us. The schedules had been reached in which the acme of protectionist insincerity and hypocrisy always is touched—the duties, namely, on food products. That is the place where the augurs of protection invariably wink at each other as they set about the task of "fooling the farmer." Having got his vote for the grand old party and the grand old humbug of the tariff, they proceed gravely to "protect" his wheat and corn and bacon and beef. This time the farce became too broad for even that skilled comedian, Senator Aldrich; and when the discussion threatened to run on interminably, and some acrimony was developed, he rose and incontinently withdrew his proposals to increase the tariff taxes on food-products. To give cynicism its crown, he then coolly stated that there would be no importations of meats, no matter what the tariff duties were; that there had been none to speak of under either the high rates of the McKinley bill or the low rates of the Wilson bill. This unblushing confession of the bunco game which has been played upon the agricultural interests of the country for forty years, naturally woke angry protests. Senator Heyburn rose to inform the Rhode Island Senator that if the farmer were once convinced that he was not going to get his share of the protectionist pound of flesh, along with the manufacturer, there would be political trouble. But Aldrich simply smiled at this threat. He has unlimited confidence in bucolic simplicity.

Readers of the Senate debate will note, however, that the case for products of the farm and orchard was instantly altered when it became a question of setting up a domestic monopoly. Mr. Root's argument against the monstrous duty on lemons demanded by the California growers was fortified by fact and reason. He showed that the existing protection was more than ample. California lemons can be laid down in New York at sensibly lower prices than the imported article, notwithstanding the cheap ocean freights as against the long haul overland. Yet it was proposed in the Aldrich bill to increase the duties 50 per cent. The object could be only to mulct the consumer, and give to the Californians a practical monopoly of the supply of a common article of food. But this demonstration was of no avail. The higher duty was voted 43 to 28. Aldrich held his men in line for this agricultural duty, despite his indifference to other schedules of the kind. The reason was, we presume, that he had bought the votes of the California Senators for the cotton and woollen and steel and iron duties, by promise of a thumping increase on lemons, and stood manfully to his bargain. Thus was protection justified of her robber children.

The whole incident recalls an historic monument of greed, which was erected for the warning of mankind at the time of the abolition of the slave trade by the English Parliament. In the long and hard struggle which Wilberforce and Macaulay made to do away with that open sore of the world, they were opposed by the contention that it would be bad for commerce; that if some thousands of innocent Africans were not exposed to the horrors of the Atlantic passage every year, several English traders would lose money. One representative of these unconscious cormorants openly declared in Parliament that the slavers furnished the only market for decayed fish and other putrid food, on which there would be a dead loss if the slave trade were outlawed. This argument is just about on a level with the elevated reasoning to which the Senate is now accustoming us. Who can doubt that, if Aldrich had to buy a vote or two for his pet manufacturers by a protective duty on rotten fish, he would do it without a blush, and, what is more, lead the whole phalanx of Senators of the party of moral ideals up to the scratch without any of them holding their noses?

Such displays as the Senate is daily giving us are enough, one would think, to convince even Mr. Roosevelt that there is such a thing as a moral question in the tariff. He could never see it; and hence always found it politically inconvenient to come out for tariff revision. But if the moralists have nothing to say about the performance in the Senate, they ought to hold their tongues about every form of cheating, false pretences, and political chicanery. If they cannot perceive the moral aspect of the tariff, suppose they try to discover its immoral aspect. Is it nothing that men stand up to legislate money into their own pockets? Is there nothing to stir indignation in the sight of Senators bargaining away every day, by the most open of log-rolling methods, the right to tax the whole community? If such a thing as political turpitude and public corruption exists anywhere, here we have it. And we repeat our firm belief that the time is rapidly approaching when President Taft will have to speak for the real sentiments of the whole people. He is reported as still hopeful that the conference committee will give him a reasonably good tariff bill to sign. It is said that he has assurances that the high duties which Senator Aldrich is now moving heaven and earth to get, are intended to be surrendered in conference. Judæus Apella may believe that, but we know not who else. The Senators are counting upon the President's easy-going good nature and party regularity In our opinion, he should soon take steps publicly to undeceive them, and to let them know that he will have neither part nor lot in what bids fair to be at once a betrayal of the Republican party and a gross fraud upon the people.

THE SAN FRANCISCO TRIAL.

A "skulking blackmailer," a "slanderer," a "briber"—these are some of the feeling descriptions of Rudolph Spreckels daily appearing in the San Francisco *Globe*, in large headlines, coupled with the oft-repeated charge that the entire campaign against Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, is due to Mr. Spreckels's failure to become the traction magnate of his city. Never do we recall a more sensational trial or one more difficult for the outsider to understand. Indeed, we question whether San Franciscans themselves who are not "on the inside" have a clear perception of all that is going on, or realize fully what everything means. But, if we can judge fairly at this distance, there seems to be a growing uneasiness about the reformers that was not manifest during the Schmitz and Ruef trials. Those were such notorious rascals, it was felt, that no substantial injustice could be done, even if the prosecution took some extremely short cuts or resorted to highhanded methods.

In the case of Patrick Calhoun, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

situation is different. For one thing, wealth and position fight on his side, as does corporate influence. Nobody believes that the United Railways of San Francisco has been superior in its morality to the average city transportation company, or that its feelings would have been much outraged if it deemed it wise to pay $200,000 to secure certain favors. But even a railway president is entitled to justice in court, and the impression is gaining ground that the effort is to "railroad" Mr. Calhoun to prison at any cost, and that the daring procedure of Messrs. Heney and Burns in obtaining evidence—such as entering Mr. Calhoun's office and blowing open his private safe, under warrants of questionable validity—is not justifiable even in the endeavor to free an utterly demoralized city from the toils of scoundrels and blackmailers. For a couple of years San Francisco's destiny has lain in the hands of two men. Rudolph Spreckels has furnished the money—and been characterized publicly by Mr. Roosevelt as one of the most patriotic and unselfish of citizens—while James D. Phelan is credited with being the real power behind the throne. These men have decided who should and who should not be Mayor of San Francisco; which men should go to jail and which go free. They have been the despotic tyrants of the city, even if it be believed that they have always been wise and benevolent tyrants.

For instance, it has recently been brought out in a letter of the late Chief of Police Biggy, originally appointed to that position by Mr. Spreckels, that, having been visited by Mr. Spreckels (on November 16, last), he was told to resign because he was "surrounded by crooks" and was an "associate of dive-keepersand brothel keepers." Why should a private citizen have the right to order a police chief to resign, or, for that matter, to appoint him? Is there anything in democratic government which recognizes such a privilege? But in Biggy's case, the demand was practically an ultimatum to be obeyed, and he so felt it. The reason is simply that Mr. Spreckels has financed the reform movement. Although Mr. Heney is a public official, he has received, according to Mr. Spreckels's own testimony, $23,828.22 from Spreckels for his office expenses, while $38,400.00 has been paid to Heney's law-partner and associate, and Burns is openly stated to have received no less than $132,446.05 from the Spreckels privy purse.

Granting that this is pure civic philanthropy, it was again brought out in the examination of Mr. Spreckels himself that, just prior to the fire, Mr. Phelan and Mr. Spreckels had organized the Municipal Railways with a capitalization of eleven millions of dollars for the purpose of building underground trolley lines in competition with the United Railways. It is this fact that has led to the many reports that the real motive of Mr. Spreckels for his attack upon Calhoun was a business one, and the allegation that he expects to receive in return three dollars for every one he is now investing in reform. On the other hand, so far as the trial of Calhoun has gone, Mr. Heney has apparently woven a very strong chain of circumstantial evidence about him. There was a payment of $200,000 from the United Railways to somebody about the time the bribing was done, but no explanatory entry was made, and there is the usual profound official ignorance as to what use the money was put to.

Now, the *Nation* has only the feeling which every lover of good government must have—that it would welcome the conviction of Mr. Calhoun if the facts warrant it. The country would then be able to say that at least in one city "the man higher up" was reached; that in San Francisco Mr. Heney could do what Mr. Jerome failed, for one reason or another, to accomplish in New York. We should very much prefer to believe that Messrs. Spreckels, Phelan, Heney, and Burns are fighting the people's battle against the worst type of political corruption. But the point which we wish to make to-day is simply that even a reformer cannot turn despot and run the machinery of government himself without provoking an immediate reaction. The best kind of reform is that which comes from the people themselves by regular democratic means, and not that which emanates from a handful of men financed by the well-filled purse of a business rival of some of the men accused of wrong. Undoubtedly, we shall be told that this is a counsel of perfection; that to overthrow such a monstrous conspiracy as existed in San Francisco every possible means must be resorted to in order to ferret out the criminal; that to be practical in such matters one must not be thin-skinned, but use the power that falls into one's hands. To this we would make the reply that it is neither desirable nor practical, when in the midst of so great a prosecution, that the enlightened public sentiment should become suspicious both as to methods and motives.

THE LORDS AND THE BUDGET.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose interest in current politics the years are not able to dim, writes to the *Spectator* urging the House of Lords to debate, and, if desirable amend, Lloyd-George's budget. He takes the ground that the measure is political. It is not a money-bill, pure and simple, which will pass the Commons and go up to the Lords. It is, incidentally, a scheme of social reform, with a plan for readjusting taxation so as to make its burdens fall chiefly upon certain classes of the community. This being so, Mr. Smith argues, it is as much a part of the duty of the second chamber to examine and pass upon these proposals, as it was to debate the bill for old-age pensions, or the one to abolish plural voting, or to restrict the sale of liquor. It is, in a word, a question of public policy, not merely of finance.

This distinction, we fear, is not one that could be successfully upheld. The Lords are not entitled to go behind the form of a bill that comes to them from the Commons, and inquire what are its motives and purpose. If they were, there would be an end of the constitutional principle that the power of the purse resides exclusively in the Commons. It is settled that the English upper house has no voice in financial matters. The Lords can neither increase nor cut down appropriations. For them to attempt to do so now, would be revolutionary. The budget will reach them, as have all preceding budgets, with every technical appearance of a bill to raise revenue. With that, the House of Lords cannot meddle on any pretext that it is not a bona-fide financial measure. Were the Lords to arrogate any such power to themselves, there would be no limit to the lengths which they might go. The naval estimates, for example, they might cut down. They could say that provision for eight Dreadnoughts was political, designed to win votes for the Liberals; or that it was a matter vitally affecting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the foreign policy of the nation, about which both houses of Parliament had a right to express an opinion. Such a contention would not, of course, be listened to; but it would have as many legs to stand upon as the claim that an increase in the income tax, or a shifting of the land tax, is political, and therefore within the Lords' purview. Once begin letting out the waters, and there is no telling where the floods will go. We think, therefore, that the Lords will remain where the British Constitution has placed them—dammed up so that they cannot touch money-bills.

There is, however, much quiet talk in England about their doing what they have the undoubted power, if they have the stomach, to do—namely, throw out the budget and force a dissolution. Some Conservative newspapers have advocated this course, and it has been much canvassed in the clubs and salons frequented by the aggrieved victims of the budget, as they choose to consider themselves. Why not, they ask, make an end of the business at once, and get a speedy verdict of the country on this miserable and despoiling Ministry? This question has been echoed by some Conservative members of Parliament, but it is significant that none of the leaders of the party have given countenance to the impetuous suggestion. Mr. Balfour has attacked the budget repeatedly, but never has he given an intimation that it might come to grief in "another place"—to use the Parliamentary expression for referring to the Lords. When it has been intended to destroy in the Lords previous Liberal legislation—such as the two education bills, the licensing bill, etc.—there has been no lack of premonitory speech and action. Mr. Balfour has openly consulted Lord Lansdowne; the latter has begun to talk ominously about the responsibilities of the hereditary legislators. In connection with the budget, however, nothing of this kind has been observed. If the Conservatives really mean to order the House of Lords to refuse to vote it, they are keeping their intention a deep secret.

It is hard to believe that they have any such intention. The question is not so much one of political power, as of political tactics. By forcing matters, Mr. Balfour would simply risk losing what he is almost certain to gain if he bides his time. The tide is running so powerfully for the Conservatives at present that they may reasonably count upon returning to office at the next general election. And that trial of strength cannot be long postponed. Within two years it must come; it may easily come in the course of the next twelvemonth. So cool and patient a leader as Balfour is not at all likely to precipitate the struggle. And more than the mere element of time is involved. The entire issue might be changed if the Lords were to reject the budget on the ground that it bore too heavily on the rich. We should then see a great outburst of indignation at the selfishness and arrogance of the privileged classes; there would be a good chance of the socialists and the Labor Party pooling issues, for the time being, with the Liberals, so that the issue of the election would be a much less sure victory for the Conservatives than they now appear bound to win. All told, therefore, the probability is that the Lords will make wry faces at the budget, but will swallow it. Mr. Balfour will let it do its work of still further alienating rich and middle-class Liberals; will use vague phrases about undoing its injustices when his party is in office again; and when he actually is once more at the head of the government, will doubtless not remove a single one of the taxes which are now denounced as confiscatory and socialistic.

"SOCIALIZING" RELIGION.

The *Outlook* recently printed two remarkable articles by clergymen strongly attacking the education given in theological seminaries. Against it, the gravamen of the complaint is that the course is too scholastic and antiquated; that candidates for the pulpit do not get an insight into the social problems which will confront them later. The drift of the protest is practically against the old idea of a learned ministry. It is argued that a fairly educated man, "with facility of speech, a knowledge of the English Bible, and a real interest in the welfare of mankind," may be better fitted to preach than students who have put in three years at Greek and Hebrew, and have wasted a lot of time over people who "have been a long time dead." The seminaries should throw overboard the dead wood in their traditional curriculum, and put their main strength into "sociology, economics, pedagogy, and ethics." The chief aim should be to teach "the social character of religion, and, specifically, the social application of Christianity." In one word, religion should be "socialized."

This term is not defined, but its meaning, in the mouths of these men and those who think with them, is not hidden. They want the churches and the ministers to regain touch with the masses; and they believe that this can be done by an active sympathy with the causes and aspirations that to-day lie near the hearts of the masses. Workingmen are more and more standing aloof from Protestant churches; to Socialism many of them are transferring the feeling which they once had for religion: therefore, the thinly veiled argument runs, religion must take on a tinge of Socialism to win them back. The Rev. Charles Stelzle frankly puts the case in a way to show both what he thinks the trouble is to-day, and what the dominant purpose should be to-morrow:

> The profound religious spirit which is so evident in the labor movement bids fair either to capture the church or to become the heart of a great religious movement which will rival the church as it is now organized—*unless* the church herself so enlarges her life and vision as to include this movement. If once this movement of the working people takes on a distinctively religious aspect—and it is quite possible for it to do so—the church will with difficulty keep in the procession.

Such conceptions and hopes are amiable; but the fear caused by the growing alienation of wage-earners from the churches should not blind the latter. Take the great fact of the relation of the Catholic Church to workingmen. This is seldom referred to in the laments of Protestants over their slackening hold upon the toilers, yet it is most significant. Here we have a vast religious organization, the very life-blood of which in this country has been the attachment and devotion of the working-classes, but do we find it saying that it must move heaven and earth to bring itself up to date and become "socialized"? Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the weight of Catholic authority has been cast against Socialism; and the Pope is as much opposed to "modernity" in labor and political movements as in theological. Doubtless, the Catholic Church in the United States loses its power over many immigrant and other workingmen who, by antecedent faith, ought to be in its com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munion. But making all allowance for such defections, it retains a wonderful hold upon those very masses which, we are now told, can be won over only by petting labor unions and taking up with half-baked doctrines labelled "sociology."

If such considerations do not give our too quick religious innovators pause, let them stop to survey some of the practical and definite obstacles which they must surmount. When they demand of the theological seminaries training in economics and solutions of social problems, they are informed that such studies are pre-supposed in the students; the colleges are to furnish them with that equipment. But that is absurd, declares the Rev. Mr. Jones. "College courses cannot equip young men with the knowledge of social conditions necessary to the ministerial profession." But can seminary courses? We gravely doubt it. Many institutions, it is true, afford their students the opportunity to see the ongoing of organized Christianity on a large scale—the institutional church, clubs, classes, missions, settlements—and all this is no doubt instructive and humanizing. But formal "sociological" teaching, dovetailed into an already crowded and hurried three years' course, would not, in our opinion, be much more successful in the seminaries than it is in the colleges. The most probable result would be the letting loose in pulpits of crude notions about "the social applications of Christianity," together with sadly muddled economics.

After all, we come back to the truth that the successful minister is born, not made. By the use of whatever tools, vitalizing even the oldest and mouldiest conventions, he comes to his real work by virtue of qualities which a theological education can neither give nor take away. If he has the soul to endure as one seeing the invisible, and a heart to throb in unison with all the varied humanity about him; and if to all this he adds the sense of a high mission and the burden of a spiritual message, he need not trouble himself overmuch to become "socialized." He will find his true power and wield it. Into the striving and sorrow of the world, he will be able to bring something of peace and comfort; and will be the better enabled to do it for having braced his mind by hard study and fed his spirit by long meditation while the fire burns, than by taking out a card in all the labor-unions from here to California, or running, now here, now there, after the latest sociological fad.

MISTAKES ABOUT LEISURE.

Among the mistakes about contemporary life, perhaps none passes muster so readily as the one about leisure and our leisure class. It is taken as self-evident that what goes by the name of leisure here is either gilded indolence or else something worse. Here and there one finds an idle millionaire "that in trim gardens takes his pleasure," but all the rest, who neither toil nor spin, must be looked for on the sporting page or the police blotter. The average rich man who feigns leisure is generally using it, as Machiavelli's prince did, as a breathing-time to contrive plans for war—to wit, a Wall Street campaign. A. Barton Hepburn, in the June *Century*, sums up this popular impression and neatly turns it into an apology for the American business man, when he says:

> America possesses comparatively few old families, . . . reserving sufficient time and strength for the development of the higher ideals of life. . . . Retiring is difficult, largely because there is no inviting field for them to enter. We have no leisure class devoted to the general purposes of life, whose ranks open invitingly and furnish a proper goal to the business man's ambition. . . . A man out of business . . . is out of countenance with current events.

Now, all this was the simple truth only a few years ago, but society has been changing since then more rapidly than opinions about it. A class "devoted to the general purposes of life," after the fashion of Sans Souci and the Paris *salons*, we cannot boast. The tides of life have set too strongly against it. But leisure and the opportunity to pursue high ideals have not died with it. What has changed is the organization of the leisure class. Like the rest of the world, it has been blown to bits by specialists. Probably this city alone holds as many amateurs of culture as eighteenth-century France ever did; but they are scattered about in art clubs, historical societies, political leagues, scientific circles, and colleges, each taking his leisure chiefly within his own trim garden, because he finds there so much to pluck and smell. Correggio, Anglo-Russian relations, and the nebular theory are no longer served on the same conversational menu; there is a table for each.

Leisure has undeniably become more strenuous, as a result of this opulence and virtuosity. To call it loafing is to confess one's ignorance of the joyous labors which even humble intellectual hobbies, say orchids and sociology, afford. Indeed, a mind fit to pursue the things of the spirit at all is more likely to lie awake nights than to doze away its days over them. There will always be shopkeepers to see in such zeal only a disguise for indolence, but they can sway none but those who share their repugnance toward the ideals of culture. It is doubtful if our leisure class has lost many desirable members because of the tradition that a man out of business is a pariah. Those whom it does deter would, if the tradition were annulled, become the most crotchety of putterers in whatever field of culture they invaded. Like an unhappy rich man whom Mr. Hepburn cites, they would travel feverishly and then weary of every scene; "study" Flemish art, buy some canvases, fall victims to a dealer, and soon sicken of the whole business; and, finally, after having made the round of a half-dozen hobbies, plunge back desperately into the Street. Such men think leisure means idleness, sweetened with something a little more saccharine than vaudeville, and considerably more expensive. They know they could buy idleness with dollars at any time of life, and so they fancy that they could as easily join the true leisure class. But the kingdom of higher ideals must be sought early—best while the dew still lies on life; and the admission fee is "the passionate vision."

The business man with this vision need never complain that America has no leisure class, or that its ranks do not "open invitingly," or that it does not "furnish a proper goal for his ambitions." Every large city will give him companions for his lighter intellectual moods. If he aspires high in science, art, politics, or social reform, at least our great centres teem with like-minded men. And should his attainments rise to the same level, universities will welcome him, dignifying his leisure with a few routine lectures. If, finally, he must keep up the business pace, there are public offices to be filled and political rings to be shattered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

The refusal of the authorities of Westminster Abbey to allow George Meredith to sleep among the dead whom England delights to honor was by no means surprising. In spite of the endorsement of the Society of Authors and the Prime Minister, the future of his reputation still remains in a high degree problematic. If he had died twenty-five years ago, though the work on which his fame must rest had then been accomplished, it is doubtful whether the general voice would have decreed him this solemn tribute. Indeed, from his first appearance in literature down to the time of his death no writer of his power had received less recognition for his virtues or more persistent praise for his faults. George Eliot, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, and a following of enthusiasts felt his might, and for the most part tried to persuade the world that he was a great literary artist. Others asserted with equal vehemence that he was an incoherent thinker, making his artificial, choked, and stuttering novels the vehicle for a mass of epigram. The so-called man in the street, if he chanced to overhear the discussion, promptly decided that it did not concern him, either way. If Meredith attended to the early notices of his books, he must often have sighed as one who watches for the morning. Even so late as 1880 the *Westminster Review*, traditionally favorable to his reputation, commented upon the recently published "Egoist"—now often considered his weightiest contribution to fiction—as follows:

> Mr. Meredith is, perhaps, our most artistic novelist, and, for that very reason, by no means popular with mere subscribers to Mudie's. His audience is few, but fit. . . . He is, in a word, what the world would vulgarly call too clever. . . . This is Mr. Meredith's great fault—he overdoes his cleverness. If he was more simple, he would be far more effective. "The Egoist" is full of poetry, subtle observation, and sparkling epigram.

This review, with its emphasis upon the literary artist, is typical, and, unless I am mistaken, is about the quintessence of bad criticism. For it has yet to be demonstrated that perfection of art has interfered with the success of any matter whatsoever, even among the subscribers to Mudie's. And those who value Meredith's work most wisely will not extol him for his artistry, but rather deplore his lack of it as one of many obstacles that have stood in the way of his popularity. Furthermore, to say that he "overdoes his cleverness" is to suggest that he consciously strains for effect. If this critic had really been one of that piteous fit audience though few, he would rather have suggested how insuperably difficult it was for Meredith not to be clever, how utterly impossible it was for him to be simple, how entirely regrettable that he did not receive an English academic training. How might not the Oxford culture have disciplined his Celtic lawlessness and subdued his turn for "natural magic"! Welsh and Irish in ancestry, Meredith was educated at a Moravian school in Germany. In the plastic time of his youth, he, like Browning and Carlyle, was his own master of rhetoric. Like Carlyle, he wrote prose as if Dryden had never shown the superiority of Charles the Second's English to the flowered and conceited exuberance of the Elizabethans. Like Browning, he wrote verse as if Pope had not died to save us from the sins of the metaphysical school. If Donne, as honest Ben declared, for not keeping of accents deserved hanging, so did Meredith. He wanted art. He was not wanting in a perception of the supreme beauty of style—perfect identity of thought and expression. In his essay on the "Idea of Comedy" he showed the keenest critical appreciation of the style of Menander and Terence, writing almost with rapture of their "Elysian speech, equable and ever gracious." But two years later, in the prelude of the "Egoist," he was guilty of such sentences as this:

> Who, says the notable humorist, in allusion to this book [Book of Earth], who can studiously travel through sheets of leaves, now capable of a stretch from the Lizard to the last few pulmonary snips and shreds of leagues dancing on their toes for cold, explorers-tell us, and catching breath by good luck, like dogs about a table, on the edge of the Pole?

II.

He wanted art no less as a story-teller than as a stylist. It is true that he undertook a very difficult task. He desired to represent men and women dramatically, revealing the secret springs of their characters in their speech and acts. But for fatally long periods in many of his novels he would allow them neither to speak nor to act. Sometimes, like the messenger of the Senecan tragedy, he reported the great things that were going on behind the scenes. Sometimes with a kind of choric fury he drowned the voices of the actors and assaulted the ears of the audience with a prolonged and often partly enigmatic commentary. Sometimes he translated whole conversations into telegraphic Meredithese. These methods of telling a story are inartistic, because they deprive the auditor of the legitimate and expected pleasure of hearing the *ipsissima verba* in the critical moment, and the spectator of seeing the decisive gesture with his own eyes. Defenders of Meredith will say that he was bent on our perceiving the finer meanings of act and speech, and that he could be sure of his purpose by no other method. That is to confess again that he wanted the skill of the supreme literary artist, that his intention was greater than his power. He had himself a subtle sense of the deeper implications of speech, but he did not possess steadily that master instinct which finds a single word to tell all. When Romeo is banished from Verona, the nurse urges Juliet to marry Paris. Then follows this dialogue:

> *Jul.* Speak'st thou from thy heart?
> *Nurse.* And from my soul, too; else beshrew them both.
> *Jul.* Amen!
> *Nurse.* What?
> *Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
> Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
> Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell
> To make confession and to be absolv'd.

What more can one desire? Could forty pages of commentary add anything to that one incomparable Amen? That is what a literary artist does with conversation. Shakespeare's plays are sown with such volume-speaking words; in Meredith's novels I do not know where you will find anything approaching it.

III.

But if Meredith was not a first-rate literary artist, is it possible that he was a first-rate literary genius; or are the two things inseparable? It would be gratifying to find some substantial ground for the apparently extravagant claims of his friends. One of them, Robert Louis Stevenson, has been convicted before a just judge of uncritically juxtaposing Meredith and Shakespeare in the enthusiasm of his admiration for "Rhoda Fleming." Looking through Stevenson's letters, however, I have been pleased to observe that he says very little about Meredith as a literary artist. In Sidney Colvin's two-volume edition under the date of 1879, when "The Egoist" was published, there is a single reference as follows: "Chapters viii and ix of Meredith's story are very good, I think." That is all—and he had met the author in 1878, and they had become warm friends. But three years after that not ecstatic comment, he, in a letter to W. E. Henley, lists among those worthy of being honored with a dedication, "George Meredith, the only man of genius of my acquaintance." "Talking of Meredith," he continues significantly, "I have just re-read for the third and fourth time 'The Egoist.' When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh, I begin to see I shall know about it. . . . I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter—he has contrived to *plug and pack* [the italics are mine] into that strange, admirable book." Finally, with a passing glance at George Eliot, whom he could seldom mention with entire decorum, he concludes: "I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality." A book so plugged and packed with matter that it took four to six readings to extract its meaning certainly did not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

represent Stevenson's ideal in art. The full explanation of his enthusiasm does not appear till 1884, again in a letter to Henley. This time it is as plain as you please: "My view of life is essentially the comic; and the romantically comic." Then, after more comment on Meredith: "The comedy which keeps the beauty and touches the terrors of our life (laughter and tragedy-in-a-good-humor having kissed) that is the last word of moved representation; embracing the greatest number of elements of fate and character." Stevenson mightly fairly call the man a genius who had taught him his literary gospel and shown him a reasonable way of envisaging life.

There are numerous indications, some of doubtful value, that the followers of Meredith are shifting to this more stable ground. The select literary clubs, which in the old days used to read the riddle of the Sphinx in "Childe Roland," discovered some time ago that Meredith's "Readings of Earth" were less trite and equally difficult. Some of the novels, too, have attracted those curious persons who find their chief pleasure in perusing what their friends declare impossible. Within four or five years as many books have been devoted to the exposition of Meredith's art and ideas, not all of which are harder to read than the works which they explain. But chiefly we must reckon in the decisive tribute of the younger generation of writers who by imitation and open avowal declare their deep indebtedness to him. "At the present moment," says Mrs. Craigie, "all the most worthy English novelists, with the exception of Thomas Hardy, are distinguished disciples of George Meredith." The heterogeneous character of the alleged Meredithians—Stevenson, Du Maurier, Henley, Sara Grand, Anthony Hope, Maurice Hewlett, W. G. Locke, George Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, and many others—is extremely suggestive. It means that to young authors he has not been primarily a literary model—those who have caught most of his spirit have least imitated his style. It means that if Meredith is "built for immortality," he will survive not merely as an epigrammatist, or as a subtle poet, or as a psychologizing novelist, but as a man with a mine of vital ideas, a constructive critic of life, if not an artist, at any rate a genius, one of the spokesmen and master spirits of his time.

IV.

Herein lies one of his most indubitable claims to genius—he solved the problems of our contemporary literature half a century before it existed. Though his exposition was unequal to his insight, and his own coevals missed his points, such of our authors to-day as face the future smiling have found him out. The problems of contemporary literature are manifold in appearance, but in essence single: How to present a view of life both wise and brave, answering to experience as well as to desire, serviceable in art or the daily walk? Single in essence, in appearance they are manifold: How to give pleasure without corrupting the heart, and how to give wisdom without chilling it? How to bring into play the great passions of men without unchaining the beast? How to believe in Darwin and the dignity of man? How to believe in the nerves without paralyzing the nerve of action? How to recognize the weakness of man, and not forget his heroism? How to see his acts, and believe in his intentions? How to renounce his superstitions, and retain his faith? How to rebuke without despising him? How to reform society without rebelling against it? How to smile at its follies without contempt? How to believe that pain is invincible, and that joy is invincible, too? How to believe that evil is fleeing forever before good, but will never be overtaken and slain? How to look back upon a thousand defeats, and yet cling to the fighting hope? If you go through this list of questions, you will not find one which Meredith did not answer. Long before Mr. Shaw broke into mock Mephistophelean laughter, and Mr. Chesterton discovered his loyalty to the universe, when they—if one can conceive such a thing—were quietly sleeping in their cradles, George Meredith had already bottled their thunder.

"Richard Feverel," published in 1859 with "The Virginians," "Adam Bede," "The Tale of Two Cities," and "The Origin of Species," was a repudiation and a prophecy, but was recognized as neither. The *Westminster Review*, though perceiving in it observation, humor, passion, and tenderness, declared that the "book offers no solution of any of the difficulties it lays open to us; the nineteenth century struggles through it with but faint glimpses of its goal." With interspersed hints in subsequent novels, with critical prefaces, and with poems Meredith tried to amend the reviewer's error, but not till 1877 when, Aristotle to his own dramatic cycle, he published the "Idea of Comedy," did he finally make clear his message. From that time it began slowly to be evident that he had made his novels, after all, but the vehicles of an impassioned conviction. He, like so many earnest men of his century, had sought a way of salvation from skepticism, melancholy, *ennui*, and despair; and he had found a way. Other men had other remedies. For Newman the "one thing needful" was to submit to authority and enter the Roman fold. Carlyle thought the best that could be done for a man was to find him a master, and set him to work. For Mill the key to happiness was free logical discussion in the interests of humanity. For the men of science it was the following of truth wherever it leads. Arnold held that none of these things was of importance in comparison with the ability to recognize the grand style wherever one found it. To those who have read intelligently Meredith's "Idea of Comedy" I do not think it will seem an anticlimax to say that he believed the one thing needful, synthesis of all needs, was to instruct men in the proper uses of the comic spirit that they might laugh and be laughed at unto their souls' salvation. For to him the comic spirit is a fine celestial sunlight in the mind, answering to the theological grace of God in the heart, which preserves those into whom it passes from a very evil thing. It is not hostile to prayer, nor to labor, nor to logic, nor to truth, nor to grandeur, but very friendly to them all. It keeps prayer sweet, labor cheerful, logic sane, truth serviceable, and grandeur human. But over every form of animalism, egotism, sentimentalism, cowardice, and unreason, "it will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by showers of silvery laughter." For, to quote from the ode to the same beneficent spirit, it is the

> Sword of Common Sense!
> Our surest gift: the sacred chain
> Of man to man.

V.

Once grasp that idea of comedy and you suddenly find yourself at the centre of a coherent critical system. You open his works anywhere and you find yourself at home in an ordered world. You perceive why the younger generation is turning toward him, and you see the relation in which he stood to his fellows in fiction fifty years ago. The definitions by which in the essay the comic spirit is isolated furnish a complete critical arsenal. "The sense of the Comic is much blunted by habits of punning and of using humoristic phrase; the trick of employing Johnsonian polysyllables to treat of the infinitely little"—that does not by any means dispose of Dickens, but it casts an "oblique light" upon him. Much more penetrating is this: "Comedy justly treated . . . throws no infamous reflection upon life." How that judges the all too frequent passages in the novels of Thackeray like the following:

> "Oh, Mr. Pendennis! (although this remark does not apply to such a smart fellow as you) if Nature had not made that provision for each sex in the credulity of the other, which sees good qualities where none exist, good looks in donkeys' ears, wit in their numskulls, and music in their bray, there would not have been near so much marrying and giving in marriage as now obtains, and is necessary for the due propagation of the noble race to which we belong."

That principle is far reaching; it con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demns in a single breath the whole miasmic marsh-land of naturalism. "It is unwholesome for men and women to see themselves as they are, if they are no better than they should be"—there is the ethical, or, if one prefers, the sanitary, plank in the platform of the new idealism. "The same of an immoral may be said of realistic exhibitions of a vulgar society"—there is the repudiation of wide wastes of the dryasdust realistic fiction, a much-needed denial of the democratic notion that all subjects are fit for art. In some of the poems the Comic Spirit becomes almost truculent in its glee. It is clearly so in pitching upon any theatrical rebel against society; for example, in the verses called "Manfred":

Projected from the bilious Childe,
This clatterjaw his foot could set
On Alps, without a breast beguiled
To glow in shedding rascal sweat.
Somewhere about his grinder teeth,
He mouthed of thoughts that grilled beneath,
And summoned Nature to her feud
With bile and buskin Attitude.

Meredith arrived a little too late to play Childe Harold or Don Juan; but if he had not been protected by his guardian spirit, he might easily have taken a part in that more plaintive and dismal literature of despair represented by numerous poems of Matthew Arnold. In the crushed and crabbed verse of Meredith's jibe at Arnold's "Empedocles," I confess to finding something very tonic, something that Arnold as critic would have himself called tonic:

He leaped. With none to hinder,
Of Ætna's fiery scoriæ
In the next vomit-shower, made he
A more peculiar cinder.
And this great Doctor, can it be,
He left no saner recipe
For men at issue with despair?
Admiring, even his poet owns,
While noting his fine lyric tones,
The last of him was heels in air!
. . . . . .
Each life its critic deed reveals;
And him reads Reason at his heels,
If heels in air the last of him!

VI.

But what has comedy to do with tragedy, and how do they become tragi-comedy? Well, in the luminous intoxication of the morning following the symposium, Socrates forced Agathon and Aristophanes, who alone had stayed it out with him till cock-crow, to confess not only that tragedy and comedy may be composed by the same person, but also that "the foundations of the tragic and comic arts were essentially the same." Aristodemus, who reported the conclusion of the dispute, was unfortunately asleep during the discussion. With this, for that reason, unexplained opinion of Socrates, Meredith was obviously in accord. To his view, life is neither wholly comedy nor wholly tragedy, but both at once. In order to distinguish either element one must be able to distinguish both; the comic spirit, one may almost say, is that which perceives the tragic fault. In order to represent life bravely and wisely, one must see it steadily, and see it whole. Such sight is given only to deep and grave heads. Those endowed with this vision discern that the great girders which bear up the world of man are the discipline of the passions by the mind, loyalty to reason, and faith in civilization. Whatever forces attempt to weaken these girders—the cynicism of Don Juan, the despair of Empedocles—the Comic Spirit holds them, to adopt the Cæsarian euphemism, *in numero hostium*—puts them to the sword of common sense. The discernment that these great girders are essential to civilization, and the loyalty which in grave men springs with the discernment, underlie every true comedy and every true tragedy. But the struggle which most men undergo in disciplining their passions, learning to walk in the light of reason, and preserving their faith in civilization, is a strange series of ups and downs. Comedy attends to their foolish falls; tragedy to their painful failures; to represent the whole course of the struggle is to write tragi-comedy.

Tragi-comedy as the position of equipoise in life and art—that, in Meredith's time, was a notable discovery. When we attempt to measure his achievement we should not lose sight of the originality, the scope, and the difficulty of his design. He planned to produce thoughtful laughter, an aim which demanded that the characters in his novels, as well as in his audience, should possess some of the culture of the drawing-room. But he planned at the same time to move the great passions which are generally attenuated under intensive cultivation. Since the Restoration they had almost disappeared from the fiction of high life. Wordsworth had been obliged to seek out the great universal impulses in the cottages of Cumberland peasants. The Brontës studied them in mad country squires. George Eliot found them among the yeomen of Warwickshire. Even Thomas Hardy has had to resort to shepherds and dairy-maids—so fugitive is our sense of solemn splendor from the roar of cities and civilized men. But what pitiful antagonists of destiny these rural people of Mr. Hardy's make. The intelligence of mortals is wholly inactive in the combat. In condemning the ways of God to man this grim artist seems obsessed by the idea that all nature is conspiring to bring a helpless humanity to degradation and shame. That is hardly to see life whole. Meredith sought his splendor in another place. His problem was how to make tragedy and comedy meet together in the drawing-room. Comedy was there to stay; but as for tragedy, Thackeray, for example, avoided it. Dickens and his public really preferred murder. To his fellows in fiction Meredith owed very little. On his serious side nearest akin to George Eliot, he preceded her into the field. Carlyle and Browning and Wordsworth were all his natural allies, but his master was Shakespeare. From him he learned to choose out for the favorite theatre of his play a country-house, where, as in a court, were assembled enough actors of civilized life to be visible against the scenery. From him he learned to let poor clowns play humble parts, and if any one had to be sent out on a barren heath to send a king who even in madness was a match for the storm. From him he learned to line the back and sides of his stage with the gray and middle ages of wisdom, pedantry, sanctity, craft, and cynicism; and then to release in the foreground young Romeo and Juliet, or Perdita and Florizel, or Ferdinand and Miranda to discover the brave new world under a stinging rain of comment from prudent or disillusioned antiquity; and then, at last, whether to youth and beauty the vista of days opened smiling, or whether some dire mischance closed their fond eyes forever, to intimate that to youth belong the untrodden ways.

VII.

Meredith's life began and closed on that note. In an age when a general disintegration of ideas was taking place, he showed an extremely keen sense of what was permanent and what transitory. He woke early to the necessity and the possibility of a new organic synthesis. Though his creative power and craftsmanship were inferior to his critical faculty, they worked harmoniously, and, therefore, effectively. Several of his contemporaries possessed separately in a higher degree the intellectual or emotional powers with which he was gifted; but no one of them fused within himself so many and so diverse powers. In close touch with distinguished utilitarian and positivist leaders, though he did not subscribe to all their philosophical and political doctrines he heartily partook in their sense of stern responsibility to society and in their resolution to make war without truce against the confederated lusts and egotisms of the unredeemed animal man. His sonnet to "J. M." is almost Miltonic in its note of militant resolution:

Our faith is ours and comes not on a tide:
And whether Earth's great offspring, by decree,
Must rot if they abjure rapacity,
Not argument but effort shall decide.
They number many heads in that hard flock:
Trim swordsmen they push forth; yet try thy steel.
Thou, fighting for poor human kind, wilt feel
The strength of Roland in thy wrist to hew
A chasm sheer into the barrier rock,
And bring the army of the faithful through.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Few, indeed, are the writers of fiction who have striven so steadily to seize and conserve for posterity all the sound ideas afloat in their time. In these four lines from "A Reading of Earth" we touch upon the controlling principle of all Meredith's work:

Thou under stress of the strife,
Shalt hear for sustainment supreme,
The cry of the conscience of life:
Keep the young generations in hail,
And bequeath them no tumbled house.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will hold sales four days next week. On June 7 they will offer the library of William Grosvenor Allen of New Jersey, including books on magic and occult subjects, a few items of Americana, etc. On June 8, 9, and 10 they will sell the library of the late James A. Ferguson, D.D., of Hanover, N. J. Books on natural history, more especially botany, are numerous. Other headings in the catalogue are Africa, Astrology, Indians, and New York.

On June 8, the Anderson Auction Company of this city will hold a sale containing among other items the first and other early editions of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," a Greek and two Arabic manuscripts, maps, and views of New York, books on natural history, etc.

On June 7, 8, and 9, Stan. V. Henkels in Philadelphia will dispose of the library of the late W. J. Gilbert of St. Louis. Among important works on ornithology to be offered are Audubon's "Birds of America," the first octavo edition (1840-44), also the Lockwood reissue of the folio with 150 plates only (1860); Baird, Cassin and Lawrence's "Birds of North America" (1860); Cassin's "Birds of California" (1862); Gould's "Birds of Australia" (1837-38); and Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology." Michaux and Nuttall's "North American Sylva" (1871), Redoute's "Les Roses" (1835), Sweet's "Cistineæ" (1825-30), and Humboldt and Bonpland's "Monographie des Melastomacées" (1823) are important or unusual books on botany. A collection of illuminated manuscripts on vellum is described in a supplemental catalogue containing several reproductions.

On June 10 and 11, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the remaining portion of the private library of the late Charles H. Guild of West Newton, Mass. The major portion of this library, one of the most important collections of American local history ever brought together, was sold in 1887. American magazines, about sixty lots of genealogies, a series of the annual reports of the Geological Survey, and many titles of minor Americana make up the sale of four sessions.

On June 9 and 10, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London will offer a collection of autograph letters and historical documents, including specimens by Burns, Keats (an autograph sonnet), Lord Bryon, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, Voltaire, Jonathan Swift, and others; a series of letters from Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton to William Haslewood; and collections of letters of Sir William Pitt, Edmund Burke, and Charles James Fox, with others, addressed to the Right Hon. William Windham.

Correspondence.

VARIATIONS IN THE "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Rolfe's letter in the *Nation* of May 6 causes me to communicate to you the following concerning variations in the 1859 "Idylls of the King."

In the library of the British Museum is, according to the catalogue, "the sole survivor" of "six trial copies" of "Enid and Nimüe: The True and the False," with the imprint of Moxon & Co., 1857. In the Forster Bequest Library of the South Kensington Museum is a volume of late proof sheets, "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King," with Moxon's imprint and dated 1859. Bound up with this is a version of "Enid," that Dr. Richard Jones, in his "Growth of the Idylls of the King," has shown to antedate the text of 1857, and also a copy of "Nimüe," similar to that of the 1857 volume.

In 1896 I noted that the text of the "*author's*" *American edition of the "Idylls" of* 1859 differed in several places from that of the '59 English edition. Dr. Jones courteously enabled me to collate his transcript of the South Kensington "The True and the False" with the following list of *verbal* differences (complete, I believe) between the '59 American and English editions. The '57 readings are from Dr. Jones's "Growth of the Idylls."

(1) '57, '59A, T&F; "snatch'd his great limbs from the bed"; '59E: "hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed" (Mar. of Ger. 124)—(2) '57, '59A: "the Earl"; T&F, '59E: "Limours" (Ger. and En. 501)—(3) '57, '59A, T&F: "a knight"; '59E: "some knight" (ibid. 914)—(4) '57: "wileful Nimüe," "wileful Nimüe"; '59A: "wileful Vivien," "wily Vivien"; T&F, '59E: "wily Vivien," "wily Vivien" (Mer. and Viv. 6, 149)—(5) '57: "She hated all the knights, because she deem'd They wink'd and jested"; '59A: "She loathed the knights, and ever seemed to hear Their laughing comment"; T&F, '59E: "She hated all the knights, and heard in thought Their lavish comment" (ibid. 150-1)—(6) So. Ken. and Brit. Mus. Nimüe, '57, '59E: "A twist"; '59A, T&F: "A snake" (ibid. 219)—(7) '57, '59A, T&F: "That is"; '59E: "Which is" (ibid. 507)—(8) '57: "Nimüe then"; '59A: "Vivien then"; T&F, '59E: "Vivien" (ibid. 527)—(9) '57: "The filthy swine! what do they say of me?"; '59A: "What dare the stall-fed liars say of me?"; T&F, '59E: "full-fed liars" (ibid. 690). For the following I have not the readings of '57E and T&F: '59A has "glassy," for '59E "grassy" (Mar. of Ger. 236); "sliding" for "slided" (Mer. and Viv. 237); "calling, 'Bide awhile!'" for "calling 'Stay a little!'" (Lan. and El. 679); "him: to this maid," for "him; and to her," (ibid. 706); "ye" for "you" (ibid. 1364).

'59A and '59E differ much in punctuation and capitalization. In '59A are found "—or" for "—our," "Idyls" for "Idylls," and the full forms of the preterite and participle and of "through" and "though." The verbal variations, however, are sufficient to indicate that the American text is a modification of the '57 text antedating that of T&F. The relative position, then, in point of development of the early printed texts is: (1) "Enid" (So. Ken. Mus.); (2) "Enid and Nimüe: The True and the False," 1857 (Brit. Mus.); (3) "Idyls of the King," Boston, 1859; (4) "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King," proofs of the 1859 English edition (So. Ken. Mus.); and (5) "Idylls of the King," London, 1859. That the American text was sent to the press with a title similar to that of the London proofs, and that the change in title was made very late, will be suggested by the fact that on page 2 of the advertising supplement in the "author's" Boston edition, under the heading "Alfred Tennyson," is the following: "The True and the False: Four Idylls of the King. A new volume. Cloth. 75 cents."

In an appendix to his book Dr. Jones noted that the review of the "Idylls" in the *North British Review* of August, 1859, has three variations from the 1859 English text that agree with the 1857 readings: "Snatching his great limbs from the bed"; "In combat with the follower of the earl"; "At Merlin's feet the wilful Vivien lay." From this Dr. Jones conjectured that, though the readings do not agree perfectly with the '57 parallels, the reviewer had read, or had reviewed the '59 volume from, a copy of the '57 text, and that probably another survivor of the '57 text might be found in the library of Coventry Patmore or in that of Lord Houghton, one of whom probably wrote the article.

But the American readings (1), (2), (4), just given are closer to those of the *Review* than are those of '57. Moreover, T&F has the first line as the reviewer probably read it. It is to be noted further that the *Review* varies from the '59E text and agrees with only '57 in (10) "squire" for "youth," Mar. of Ger. 257. It differs from only '57 in reading (11) "Who told him, scouring still, 'The sparrow-hawk!'" for "Who said, 'The sparrow-hawk, you ask that know.'" Mar. of Ger. 260; (12) "Who" for "He," ibid. 265; (13) "Ye" for "You," ibid. 276; (14) "brink" for "bank," Ger. and En. 472; and in including (15) Mer. and Viv. 170-71, and (16) 177. The *Review* and '59A have "Lyonness" for '59E "Lyonnesse," Lan. and El. 35.

The *Review* differs, then, from '59E in four places (1, 2, 4, 10), from '57 in six places (11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16). The *Review* "wilful" (4) is taken as a misprint. If it be accepted as a correct reading, the points of this present article are strengthened. If Dr. Jones's transcript of T&F is accurate (and I see no reason to question it), it is very unlikely, from the nature of the variations, that the reviewer used a copy of T&F. T&F differs from the *Review* in three places, in the first of which (10) the *Review* agrees with only '57, in the second (2) with only '57 and '59A, and in the third (4) with only '59A.

'59A differs from the *Review* in but one place (10), and there '57 only agrees with the quotation. That the reviewer did not use '57 here, however, is shown by the fact that in his same long quotation the third and eighth lines (11, 12) below read as do the three '59 versions. But it is extremely unlikely that the writer for the August

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Review would use an American text published on the 23d of July, though it is possible that advance sheets of the poems had come into his possession.

It seems, then, that the reviewer used an English text very similar to the American text, but differing from it in some places (as is shown by the word "squire"); but that he did not use '57, T&F, or '59E.

'59E was published July 11. A review of the volume appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July. It shows a number of variations from '59E, the most important of which is the *Edinburgh* reading (Mer. and Viv. 150-51),

> She hated all the knights, and heard in thought
> Their scornful laughter when her name was named.

This passage, not quoted in *N. B. Rev.*, will be seen to differ from all the other texts.

The conclusion, then, that the *North British* reviewer used a text of the poems differing from '57, '59A, T&F, and '59E, is supported by the fact that the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* used a text that varied from all the others. Since (if we allow for change of punctuation and contractions, and for clear misprints) the parallel quotations in the two reviews agree in every case, it seems likely that both of the articles were written from the same form of text, *i. e.*, that of advance sheets differing from "The True and the False" in the British Museum, and antedating them as well as the American text, as is shown by "squire" in the *North British Review* and "Their scornful laughter" in the *Edinburgh Review*.

According to my notes, the apparently unique *Edinburgh* reading, "Their scornful laughter," I saw in May, 1900, in a copy of "The True and the False" owned by William H. Arnold of Carnegie Hall, New York city. Nicholl and Wise describe this copy in their "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," vol. ii, p. 237; but they do not, I believe, indicate that the readings of the *text itself* of the Arnold volume vary from those of the South Kensington "The True and the False." Since, having given Mr. Wise the privilege of collating the volume, Mr. Arnold felt that he could not extend it to me, I was unable to go farther into the matter. Perhaps the Arnold *text* coincides with the conjectured *text* that I have shown to stand between the '57 "Enid and Nimüe" and the American text, *i. e.*, really third in the series I have enumerated. But in view of Tennyson's displacing and replacing of readings and punctuation, one is overbold in feeling from internal evidence absolutely sure of chronology of his texts.

It is interesting to observe that Coventry Patmore wrote the *Edinburgh* article ("Memoir," ii, p. 95), and to recall Nicholl and Wise's anecdote of Patmore's destroying, after Tennyson's death, one of "twelve copies" of a "True and the False" sent to "certain leading critical journals to elicit opinions and hints, on the strict understanding that the copies should be returned."

JOHN EDWIN WELLS.

Hiram College, Hiram, O., May 12.

PRAGMATISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am moved by reading the article on "The New Stage of Pragmatism" in the *Nation* of May 6 to offer these remarks on the origin of that philosophy. The root of its principle and prevalence to-day is in the transcendental metaphysics. Kant started the movement in his theory of the reason. He denied the power of the theoretical reason to arrive at absolute truth, and made the practical reason the only organ useful to man. This was really a renunciation of truth altogether. The practical reason renounces the chief end and aim of reason, which is the knowledge of ideas, of truth, and really confines itself to the knowledge of phenomena, which is the province of the understanding. The great service of Germany to philosophy had been to distinguish the reason from the understanding—*Vernunft* from *Verstand;* which was really the image of the distinction between spirit and matter. The consequence of Kant's dictum was materialism vs. idealism, as its latest result.

From Kant the transcendental philosophy steadily progressed till it came to Hegel, whose central dictum and major premise was "Being and naught are one and the same thing"! Could absolute falsehood have been more positively expressed? The conclusion from this he states as "Being is *derived from* naught"! The consequence followed logically. Therefore, "The *becoming* is the important thing." "Being *per se* is a *process*," not a self-existent, external reality, and cause of all true reality. Hence follows the climax of the becoming. "God *becomes* conscious in the consciousness of man." Here was the first germ of evolution.

The transcendental philosophy progressed till it reached its final climax in Schopenhauer and Hartmann, who distinctly stated that unconsciousness was higher than consciousness, and called God "The Great Unconscious." Schopenhauer completed Hegel's ideas of being and naught by a complete reproduction of the Buddhist philosophy, with its final return of being to naught, in Nirvana.

From that phase came the idea of the sub-conscious mind as higher than the conscious mind, and all the falsehood and harm it has wrought: its posit as "the most direct path to the infinite," and as "higher and purer than the conscious mind." Thus were all the higher principles and faculties of human nature, as well as of divine nature, degraded to materialism; the understanding and science raised above the reason and philosophy, and the birthright of man renounced. Of this decline, Pragmatism is simply the rational, and also logical, fruit; and its only cure is a return to the pure theoretic reason and to idealism, in philosophy. Render to reason the things that are reason's, and to the understanding the things that are its own; to philosophy its realm, and to science its own lower one; to God the things that are God's, and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Then there may be law and order in thought and knowledge, and *Vernunft* and *Verstand* may be kept as distinct as spirit and matter—united, but not identified.

The inversion in the reason placed Good above Truth—the same error into which Swedenborg fell. This inversion produced in the sphere of religion the placing of morality above religion, works above faith, which was the placing of the second Tables of the Law above the first, the duty to man above the duty to God and faith in him, and in reality man above God. This posit prevails completely in the present time, placing science above philosophy, morality above religion; in art producing realism; in science the tendency to identify matter and spirit, and to make science itself rather microscopic than telescopic. It all comes from the primal inversion in the reason, the highest faculty in man, which is the first cause of his whole development. "As a man thinketh, so is he." And Pragmatism is the climax.

We do not seem to have improved upon the standpoint of Plato, who made ideas the reality and phenomena only their image in matter, and shadows on a lower plane; and who made philosophy the highest revelation to the highest faculty in man.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Cambridge, Mass., May 12.

"IF THE WILD GEESE FLY THAT WAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although I made a pretty thorough study of English birds on English ground some years ago, yet my observations did not cover winter weather, and so failed to throw light on a remark of the wise Fool in "Lear"; "Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way."

I half-suspected this might be one more instance of Shakespeare's inaccuracy in natural history. A recent article in the London *Times* confirms, however, the interpretation I made some years ago; namely in the Boston *Transcript*, March 25, 1903. The commentators have not explained the natural history of this sentence in "Lear," although in England even a reader of Shakespeare might not at once remember the fact that explains it; namely, that in severe winter weather a sudden drop in the temperature to the north and east will at once set up southward winter migrations of all kinds of birds, similar to the familiar spring migration. The Fool refers to one of these winter migrations, showing the existence of severe weather to the north. In America we are familiar only with a main autumn migration south and a main spring migration north. But the Fool in "Lear" in his metaphor points to the fact that instead of the birds flying north in spring, it is still so cold that they are coming south in one of the familiar southward winter migrations.

The London *Times*, in the article to which I have alluded, speaks of "the winter birds which stream across the sky in winter bands from the north," and remarks that "even in the mildest seasons there is a winter immigration into Britain which is probably on as large a scale as the more familiar movement in spring." And again: "Twice within the last three years the normal winter movements of the birds which people our islands at this season have been intensified by a sudden burst of cold weather at Christmas time into a vast and simultaneous migration to the warm south-west [into Cornwall, especially]." In his interesting article on the subject the *Times* writer specifies starlings, jackdaws, wood-pigeons, fieldfares, thrushes, plover, etc., as winter migrants. In Shakespeare's day (as in fact now), wild geese were and are such migrants and the clamorous wedgy caravans of these birds were probably as conspicuous against their skies as they are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(or were) against ours in eastern America. I say "were," but perhaps should not have done so; for I recently heard the Massachusetts State ornithologist assert publicly that the wild geese on the New England coast were holding their own against the pot-hunters, although other game birds are not. WM. SLOANE KENNEDY.

Belmont, Mass., May 18.

THE BIBLE AS LITERARY MODEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most of the recent discussion of the Bible as a "literary model" seems to me to have been not only at "cross purposes" (as suggested in a letter to the *Nation* of May 20), but wholly beside the point. I did not fancy till I read some of the opinions expressed that any one seriously supposed that the Bible should be used as a model for literal imitation in composition classes—any more than Chaucer, Spenser, or Browning; and I do not believe that the conference, in selecting it, had any intention that it should be so used. Surely the list of books "for reading" is designed to serve, not as models for composition, but as a reasonable list of works by great authors with whom every boy should be generally familiar. It may incidentally—it must in part—serve the further purpose of inspiration and example in composition; but certainly few of the books on the list—the Bible perhaps least of all—have been put there as models for imitation. Indeed, it seems absurd that any one could, without humorous intent, have brought forward such a proposition. The omission of the Bible because it is unfitted for classroom use as a "specimen" would imply the omission, as well, of at least fifty per cent. of the books on the list. For who ever taught his classes to write Chaucerian English? Did those grave teachers who now question the value of the innovation—did they aforetime drill their pupils to write after the manner of Shakespeare?—or of Carlyle?

The Bible, like the rest of the books, was put on the list "for reading." If we can teach our boys to love good books—or at least to understand a few of them; and if we at the same time spare no insistence on the true if trite essentials of composition, we may then haply discover in their writings reminiscence of the Bible and of Shakespeare. It is to little purpose that they should lug in pompous quotations at every turn, but it is to infinite purpose that they should make the reader feel that they could quote an if they would. In other words, there must be no false faces; if a boy is to write Biblical English, it must first have "gone," as the Germans say, "over into his flesh and blood." That this assimilation results only from intelligent, sympathetic reading no one questions. It seems, therefore, delightfully incontrovertible that a book which has been for three centuries the informing power of the best English style, and which has exercised that power by being read and re-read, should still be read. It is really another question, and one which concerns individuals, whether one teacher should force his pupils to imitate Biblical style or whether another may hope that his pupils, by learning to know and love the book, will miraculously absorb some spirit of it into their compositions. Such imitation has been and such miracles have been; but, whether or not, they do not essentially affect the value of the Bible as a book on a list "for reading."

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Groton, Mass., May 21.

THE ORIGINAL MARATHON RUNNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The story to which your correspondent W. C. L. refers, containing the epigraph—χαίρετε, νικῶμεν—of Browning's "Pheidippides," dates from the second century A. D.—at least 600 years, therefore, after the battle of Marathon. It occurs in Lucian's "Slip of the Tongue in Salutation" ("Pro Lapsu inter Salutandum"). Lucian is not ignorant of the Homeric use of the word Rejoice in salutation. Indeed, he quotes Iliad ix, 225, and expressly says, "Joy is a very ancient greeting," so that his later statement seems somewhat at variance with this. He tells the story thus, in the translation by H. W. Fowler:

> The modern use of the word dates back to Philippides, the dispatch-runner. Bringing the news of Marathon, he found the archons seated, in suspense regarding the issue of the battle. "Joy, we win!" he said, and died upon his message, breathing his last in the word Joy.

It will be observed that the name of the runner is here Philippides, not Pheidippides, and indeed the former is the usual spelling—only Herodotus, I believe, and he not quite certainly, being authority for the form Pheidippides. ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, May 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The query in the *Nation* of May 27 has doubtless been raised by many, and the story has been absolutely denied in some newspapers. It is, indeed, not given by Herodotus, but by Plutarch ("De Gloria Atheniensium," 3), who says that "most authorities" give the name of the runner as Eucles, but that Heracleides Pontus calls him Thersippus. The Pheidippides story is, of course, a different one.

Plutarch says that this Eucles ran "in full armor" (which might exhaust even a present-day athlete) from Marathon to Athens, and breathed forth his life with the words χαίρετε καὶ χαίρομεν—"Fare well (or "Greeting") *we* are faring well"—a phrase not easily translated, owing to the double meaning. F. G. ALLINSON.

Brown University, May 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On reading the letter of W. C. L. in respect to the legend of the Athenian soldier who ran home from Marathon and died as he announced the victory, I turned to the pages of that Rollin whose ancient histories were among the delights of my boyhood sixty years ago, and found in his Book VI, chapter 1, section 7, iii, the story credited in his note to "Plut. de glor. Athen. p. 347." The Greek exclamation there given is, χαίρετε, χαίρομεν. I have not a complete Plutarch at hand, but it will not be difficult for W. C. L. to ascertain whether the citation of Rollin is correct or not.

THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukesha, Wis., May 28.

THE EMPHATIC SO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last *Nation* you printed a timely warning from a correspondent in Rome against the "pleonastic so." It is reassuring to find that even the monuments and pleasures of the Eternal City cannot suffice to divert a well-regulated mind from the niceties of syntax and etymology. But your correspondent seems to have forgotten that "so" can also be used with perfect propriety for emphasis. It is so easy to have one's impression of the Colosseum spoiled by a misplaced comma! X.

Cambridge, Mass., May 30.

Notes.

J. A. Hammerton has written a volume on "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," which will be published this month by Grant Richards of London.

B. W. Dodge & Co. announce a translation of the complete works of Émile Zola. Some of his novels will here appear for the first time in English, not to mention his critical and dramatic work which has been little read in this country. Each volume will contain a preface by some critic of note. About twenty-five volumes of the fiction will be issued first.

It is a fact worth noting that since its publication in 1898 more than one million one hundred thousand copies have been sold of "David Harum."

Marcel Prévost has been elected a member of the French Academy in succession to the late Victorien Sardou. Prévost first attracted attention by his "Lettres de femmes" in 1892. In other books he dealt with the education and life of young girls.

The Académie Française has awarded a number of its annual prizes. The Prix de Poésie, on the subject "Le Drapeau," went to three writers, of whom Maurice Couallier received 2,000 francs. The Prix François Coppée (1,000 francs) was awarded to Gustave Zidler for his "Terre divine." The Prix Santour (3,000 francs) was divided among Théodore Rosset, M. Verier, and M. Onillon. The Prix Langlois went to Professor Legouis and Georges Duval for translations from the English. The Prix Archon-Despérouses, for the encouragement of young poets, was bestowed upon Abel Bonnard, Jean Balde, and Mlle. Jeanne Nels.

A modest little volume which, in the rush of books, may easily be overlooked is "The Two Travellers," by Carlota Montenegro (Boston: Poet Lore Co.). It is composed of slight sketches, fables, parables, motifs, if one may borrow the word of the lace-makers—highly elaborated little moments of human existence, either possibly real or purely fabled, which throw light upon one and another of the deeper recesses of the deceitful human heart. This is a form of writing which usually degenerates into the commonplace and the obscure, but in this case there is revealed no slight degree of true poetic insight. The book is one of distinct promise.

A Philadelphia imprint upon a French book is enough of a rarity to draw attention to "L'Évolution de l'arbitrage internation-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

al," by Thomas W. Balch (Allen, Lane et Scott). This is a reprint of an article contributed by the author last year to the *Revue de Droit International*. One notes with some surprise, lack of reference to Prof J. B. Moore's monumental work on the history of arbitration.

An echo of the report of the Poor Law Commission, for which the English government could not wait before proceeding with its scheme for old-age pensions, comes in the shape of two volumes by way of Minority Report. They are edited by Sidney and Beatrice Webb (Longmans, Green, & Co.), and are entitled, respectively, "The Break-up of the Poor Law" and "The Public Organization of the Labor Market." The evidence is, of course, the same as that embodied in the report of the majority, but it is marshalled differently, and the inferences drawn are different. Both statistics and their interpretation are of great value to all who would know how complex are the problems of poverty in an industrial age, and how still more complex is the question of attempting to relieve it by state action.

Prof. Harold C. Goddard of Northwestern University has issued a reprint of his article on "Chaucer's Legend of Good Women," which first appeared in the October and January numbers of the *Journal of English and German Philology* (Urbana, Ill.). His main thesis is that Chaucer's poem was intended as a humorous satire on women, and that accordingly none of the tales it contains really illustrates properly the devotion of woman or her martyrdom for love. In our judgment, the author fails to establish his point. Whatever may be said of some of the heroines in other respects, Cleopatra is the only one who does not fit well into a group of martyrs for love, and there is something to be said on the other side even in her case. It is to be remembered, too, that these were the heroines of the most famous love-stories in the world; it was natural that Chaucer should have been tempted to choose them, even if they had suited his purpose less perfectly than they do. It is not fair to select the occasional humorous lines which one is sure to find in Chaucer, whatever the subject treated, and base a theory on them to which everything else is forced to conform. Even the fact that Chaucer dropped his plan after having completed the lives of only ten of these exemplars of constancy seems to Professor Goddard intended as a "delicious" joke on women—no more were to be found! A first-rate illustration, we should say, of driving a theory to death.

The most interesting part, however, of Professor Goddard's article is his discussion of the much-vexed question as to the priority of the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women." He is right, we believe, in concluding that the A version was the earlier. We agree with him entirely, when he says: "Excellent, when taken by itself, as the A Prologue indubitably seems, the B Prologue is so immeasurably superior that the A version in comparison looks like the mere crude sketch of a prentice hand"; and again, when he says: "It is precisely in its structural qualities, in compactness and unity, that the B version is strikingly superior to A." There is, indeed, a radiance and energy about the B version that is absent from the other, and that is due even more to its structural superiority than to the superiority of phrasing which is also manifest at every point. At the same time, we are unable to concur with Professor Goddard in the explanations which he offers of the most important changes in the B version. For instance, it seems a counsel of despair when he interprets the substitution of "My lady cometh" for "Alceste is here" in the refrain of the ballad, as a joke played by the poet on Cupid to confuse the latter over the identity of Alceste and "My Lady." It is much more likely that Cupid, being not very particular, as the whole passage shows, as to the accusations which he rakes up against the poet, wilfully misunderstands the identity of "My lady." On any other theory, the difficulties of the ballad passage seem to us equally great, whether we take A or B as the earlier version. The astonishing thing is that Chaucer should at any time have left in his work such a flagrant inconsistency as this otherwise fine B version appears to offer. It may be said that he first committed the blunder and then corrected it in A, but he is just as likely to have introduced this contradiction while transferring the ballad from the attendants of Alceste (in A) to himself (in B) for the sake of certain advantages, viz., that it suits better in the mouth of a man than of women and strengthens, moreover, Chaucer's self-exculpation, while the change in the refrain permits a dramatic suspense before the disclosure of Alceste's identity. As regards the long "book-passage" in A, ll. 254 ff., which is condensed to a few lines in B, Chaucer may well have thought that this minute enumeration of the misfortunes suffered by faithful women weakened the dramatic situation, owing to the delay which it causes, and was superfluous, besides, inasmuch as the stories themselves sufficiently illustrated this variety of misfortune. We do not ourselves share Professor Lowes's views as to the priority of B, but in any detailed discussion of the problem of the Prologue, the arguments which he has advanced from the relations of the two versions, respectively, to the Old French *Marguerite* poems require a closer refutation than Professor Goddard has attempted.

"The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey in the year of our Lord, 1196, concerning the places of Purgatory and Paradise," rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget (The John McBride Co.), places more easily than heretofore within the reach of the general reader this well-known specimen of the vast vision literature of the middle ages, the chief importance of which to the modern world is that out of such soil sprang the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. Mr. Paget's rendering, based on Prof. Arber's reprint of the fifteenth century English version of the vision, reads smoothly and will doubtless satisfy the public to which it is addressed, but the preface shows a woful ignorance of mediæval literature and even of the history of the book itself. There is no indication that the work was originally written in Latin or that its author has been identified—practically with certainty—with Adam, Abbot of Eynsham, 1213-1228. It may be true that the "original MSS.," if thereby is meant the author's autograph, is "no longer extant," but mention should have been made of the fact that at least seven MSS. of the Latin original are in existence, and that this original, having been inserted besides, in somewhat abbreviated form, in various mediæval chronicles (Roger of Wendover, etc.), is accessible in more than one volume of the Rolls Series. It is not even correct to speak of the copy of the early print by William de Machlinia in the British Museum (which Professor Arber reprinted) as unique. In his "Westminster and London Printers" (1906) E. G. Duff mentions another. Most remarkably of all, however, Mr. Paget reminds the reader that this vision belongs to the same period as "the Morality Play, such as 'Everyman'"—which, of course, is a work of the early sixteenth century—presumably because William de Machlinia printed the English version about the year, 1482.

Dr. F. W. Groves Campbell's "Apollonius of Tyana" (New York: Mitchell Kennerley) is a Pateresque appreciation of the first-century sage and mystic revealed to us in the third-century biographical romance of Philostratus. Judged as such it must be pronounced successful in spite of a few exuberances of rhetoric. Avoiding all religious and philological controversy, and omitting the cruder supernaturalisms of his original, Dr. Campbell reproduces skilfully the impression which Philostratus's narrative might make upon a somewhat consciously sympathetic student of "varieties of religious experience." His purpose, as we learn from Ernest Oldmeadow's introduction, is to whet the reader's appetite for more, and so create a demand for a complete version of the "Life," the only one now extant in English being that published one hundred years ago by Edward Berwick. The breezy Introduction presents a readable résumé of the literature of the subject from Bishop Eusebius to Baur, Zeller, Newman, and Froude. Mr. Oldmeadow seems to have overlooked that curiosity of literature, Treadwell's "Apollonius of Tyana," the most entertaining collection of misprints and *quiproquos* that America has yet produced.

Van Manen used to complain that no serious efforts had been made to defend the Pauline authorship of Romans. Dr. Robert Scott of Bombay ("The Pauline Epistles," imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) pays no attention to this complaint, but quietly assumes the Pauline authorship of the greater part of the four major epistles and of Philippians. This assumed, he proceeds on the evidence of language and ideas to assign the remaining letters canonically accepted as Pauline to Silas, Timothy, and Luke. Without going into the details of the assignment, we note that he makes Silas the author of Romans xi, xiii, and xv, Timothy of Romans xiv, and Luke of Romans xvi, 25-27, and of the Pastorals. Dr. Scott is not of those who frankly hold that of two hypotheses in the field of New Testament criticism the more far-fetched is the truer, nor does he write to the end that he may be quoted by his successors as the setter forth of strange opinions. On the contrary, he writes with insight and ability, and he desires to be taken seriously. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in order that his results may be taken seriously, it would seem imperative that he should state with distinctness the canons of criticism in accordance with which he accepts as Pauline so much as he does.

The second volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," edited by Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson, assisted by Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), includes some 1,100 topics between the titles "Basilica" and "Chambers." Noteworthy articles are "Babylonia," by Mr. Gilmore, the editor, who furnishes the bibliographies, which are exceptionally complete and valuable; "Bible Texts," a long, careful discussion, the New Testament portion of which is unsigned; "Bible Versions," largely by Prof. Christof Nestle of Würtemberg; "Canon of Scripture," by Prof. Theodore Zahn; "Celtic Church in Britain and Ireland," a clear, succinct presentation of an obscure topic by Dr. Heinrich Zimmer of Berlin; and an able archæological study, "Cemeteries," by Prof. Friedberg of Leipzig. In church history and ecclesiastical biography the excellence of Hauck's "Realencyklopädie," on which the work is founded, is maintained. The articles on modern and living theologians, both scholars and preachers, will be found useful. Not so high praise can be accorded to the treatment of biblical and doctrinal subjects. The encyclopædia is frankly Protestant, but the endeavor is made to remain non-partisan between the various churches of Protestantism, and between different schools of Protestant thought. This is as it should be, since a work of reference is for information, not for argument or for prophecy. One may protest, therefore, at the statement of Dr. Benjamin B. Warfield in his article on "Calvinism," that "it may be contended that the future as the past of Christianity itself is bound up with the fortunes of Calvinism."

The religious ideas of Philo, especially in relation to Christianity, form the subject of the scholarly investigation of Hans Windisch, in "Die Frömmigkeit Philos und ihre Bedeutung für das Christentum; Eine religionsgeschichtliche Studie" (Leipzig: Hinrichs).

Students of Balkan affairs who do not read Italian, but would like a fresh glimpse at the valleys, mountains, and plains of Croatia, Herzegovina, and the neighboring countries, will find good reading in Gino Bertolini's account of an automobile and *foot trip, translated* by M. Rumbauer, in "Balkan-Bilder: Eine Studien-Reise durch den Hexenkessel von Europa" (Leipzig: Theodor Weicher), a handy volume with some seventy-five engravings from photographs, and a couple of maps.

Jacob Solomon, a lawyer and editor, died in New York, May 26, at the age of seventy-one. Twenty-seven years ago he founded the *Hebrew Standard*, of which he was editor up to the time of his death. He was active in Masonic circles, having been past grand senior deacon of the Grand Lodge, and he founded the True Craftsman's Lodge in 1867.

The death is announced at St. Andrew's of H. C. S. Everard, a golfer and writer on golf. He was the author of "The Theory and Practice of Golf" and a "History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club."

From Honolulu comes the report of the death of Starr Hoyt Nichols, at the age of seventy-four. After graduating from Yale in 1854 he entered the ministry, but changed to the brokerage business in New York, and in later years devoted himself to literature. He wrote "Monte Rosa, the Epic of an Alp" and "The Breath of the World."

From Zurich comes the report of the death of Hans Nydegger, the author of a number of stories, chiefly in the Swiss dialect.

Hermann Osthoff, professor of Indo-Germanic philology and Sanskrit at the University of Heidelberg, has died at the age of sixty-two. He published a number of books, among which may be named: "Zur Geschichte des Perfects im Indogermanischen," "Die neueste Sprachforschung und die Erklärung des indogermanischen Ablautes," "Morphologische Untersuchungen," and "Etymologische Parerga."

AN ENGLISH STATESMAN.

George Canning and His Friends. Containing hitherto unpublished letters, jeux d'esprit, etc. Edited by Capt. Josceline Bagot. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $9 net.

No adequate biography of Canning has yet been written. Stapleton's memoir appeared within three years after his death—too soon. There have been other studies of this statesman, many appreciations of him, but the full and final survey of the man remains to be taken. The editor of these volumes does not pretend to take it. What he gives us is confessedly letters *pour servir*. He has had the first access to a mass of Canning's private correspondence, to which he has added some letters already published; and these, together with many letters to and from Canning's friends—Sneyd, Hookham Frere, Charles Ellis, Bagot, and others—all edited with minute and pious pains, make up the bill of fare.

It contains many toothsome morsels. There is here no connected account of Canning's career, much less of the stormy political movements of his day, but the running comment of this correspondence, most of it undress, and some of it highly confidential, is as amusing to the general reader as it is instructive to the historical student. From the earliest pages we find the youthful Canning revealing the chief qualities which marked his maturity. His wit, his impetuosity, his talent for making friends and, *more Hibernico*, his greater talent for making enemies, were as conspicuous in the Canning of 1790 as in the Canning of 1827. "Of all the public men," wrote Lyttleton of him in 1816, "that have appeared in our time, there is assuredly not one that ever had so many bitter enemies, public and private." This was partly the sundering nature of the politics of the day. What rent Fox and Burke apart, could not spare lesser men. Party differences were of a violence rarely seen since; and Canning was a strong partisan, long on the unpopular side. He fought his public battles, too, with Celtic vehemence, sparing no opponent when he had a chance to strike home. When Castlereagh challenged him to a duel, in a long letter of which the sting lay in the tail, Canning merely glanced at the peremptory summons, and exclaimed with an oath: "I had rather fight than read it." At the encounter, he got a bullet in the thigh, but a few days later a friend wrote that he "already jokes upon his wound." Such a combination of virulence and high spirits is nicely fitted to make a public man hated as well as loved. And to it all Canning added the fatal gift of ready wit, with a turn for epigram and an unsilenceable tongue. His flippancy often had a stiletto hidden in it. And as political prudence was unable to restrain him, so good taste did not always ride him on the curb—witness his phrase about "the revered and ruptured Ogden," which was as execrable on private as on public grounds. But *telle est la nature des Irlandais.*

The revulsion which the French Revolution provoked in Canning was like that it caused in Burke; but the literary effects were very different in the two men. Burke was driven into his tremendous invective, gloomy and almost frantic, though surcharged with eloquence and a kind of inspired philosophy of politics. But the other Irishman, Canning, undertook to raise a laugh at the expense of the demi-gods of France and their English admirers. This was something well-nigh unparalleled in the history of political satire. As a rule, it is the conservatives, the big-wigs, the *beati possidentes*, who are held up to ridicule. But Canning and his co-jesters of the *Anti-Jacobin* set out to make a joke of the radicals, to lampoon the heroes of the rights of man, to pour sarcasm upon the sacred heads of the champions of the people. The thing was done with infinite zest, with great learning and inventiveness, and with wonderfully sustained freshness and point; so that one can easily believe the effect of it all to have been considerable. Besides being a nearly unique literary phenomenon, the *Anti-Jacobin* was a political power, and played its part in the reaction which swung England from Whig to Tory, broke the heart of Fox, and made the rule of Pitt practically absolute.

To the political fortunes of the latter, Canning tied himself up; and it was as inheritor and continuer of the Pitt tradition in international affairs that he scored his first great success as Foreign Minister—the seizure of the Danish fleet. There was no clear justification for this in the law of nations, but it blocked the plans of Napoleon and filled him with furious rage, and what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more would you have? The expedition to the Low Countries which Canning counted upon to give him equal fame, turned out badly; but he gave due support to Wellington in Portugal and Spain, at a time when few Englishmen had the prescience to see what a stab in the back Napoleon was to get from that quarter. On all these great events, this correspondence throws little new light. The private and official letters of the Foreign Minister were too intent on the thing in hand to have time to explain the large bearings or the political philosophy of all. Throughout, one gets an impression that Canning was terribly driven by the public business—as, indeed, he was—with little margin left for the old practical jokes and overflow of fancy. One of his oldest friends and most faithful correspondents, was Sir Charles Bagot, the first British Minister to be in Washington, after the war of 1812, and later representing England in St. Petersburg and at The Hague. To him, Canning the Foreign Minister maintained a tone of friendly affection, even in official communications, though when once the Minister disregarded the instructions of his chief, he got a rebuke as stern as if no personal ties bound the two men. Yet the communication from the Foreign Office was promptly followed by a private letter, in which Canning wrote to Bagot:

> I was sorry to have to *snub* or *snouch* you, in your old age (the old age of your embassy), for disobedience of your instructions; but that disobedience . . . might have done a world of mischief.

The old Tory peer who, when Addington was Prime Minister, congratulated himself on the fact that "at last they had got a Government without any of those d——d men of genius," must have had a hard time of it when Canning was summoned to form a Ministry. The genius for eloquent and daring speech, as for large political combinations, was his; and it would not let the somnolent in England take their rest. Yet time has vindicated his most cherished policies. His resolute shunning of the Holy Alliance, and of European Congresses, bent on bringing the revolted Spanish colonies to heel, undoubtedly had the effect of calling into being a New World to redress the balance of the Old; and Canning's paternity of the Monroe Doctrine has further confirmatory proof in his letters of the time. On January 9, 1824, he wrote to Bagot of the President's "speech" (*i. e.*, message) that it was in agreement with his own dispatch of the March previous, though there were "important differences." One of them was Monroe's reference to the prohibiting of "further colonizations on the Continents of America." This was "as new to this Government as to that of France." However, Rush, the American Minister, assured him that his impression was that this part of the Monroe Doctrine was "principally, if not specially, directed against the no less extravagant doctrine of the Russian Ukase of 1821. Where one Power proclaims as a *Mare Clausum* an ocean of 4,000 miles across, the other may have thought it a fair set-off to prohibit colonization over the whole coasts of the Continent, with a view to which the *Mare Clausum* was attempted to be established."

Canning's most famous foreign dispatch is his rhyming one to Bagot: "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch." It has as long been misprinted as misunderstood. One historian speaks of Canning as "incorrigible," for venturing to bewilder his agent abroad in a time of "acute crisis." Another condemns, by implication, the Minister's readiness "to introduce a piece of drollery into the most serious affairs." But from the full correspondence, now first published—it appears that the serious affairs were attended to seriously. A formal and grave dispatch was sent to Bagot. Then, having got that off his mind, it occurred to Canning's playful wit to get a rise out of his friend at The Hague. So his rhymes were put into cipher and sent along, care being taken to use a cipher not in possession of Bagot. He at once applied for it, only to find that Canning had, for his puzzlement, sent him the same instructions in humorous verse that he had given in sober prose. In the formal dispatch the order was to impose "an additional duty of 20 per cent. upon Netherlands vessels and merchandise." This became, in the doubly ciphered rhyme: "So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent." When the truth finally got into Bagot's head, he wrote back:

> You have fretted me to fiddlestrings, and I have a great mind not to give you the satisfaction of ever knowing how completely your mystification of me has succeeded. . . . I could have slain you! But I got some fun myself, for I afterwards put the fair de-cipher into Douglas's hands, who read it twice without moving a muscle, or to this hour discovering that it was not prose, and returned it to me declaring that it was "oddly worded," but he had always had a feeling that the dispatch must relate to discriminating duties.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Hand-Made Gentleman. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Bros.

This story has something approaching the free panoramic effect of "Huckleberry Finn." In the earlier chapters, at least, with their boyish adventure, the resemblance is striking. "Cricket's" flight from home under a cloud, and his first experiences thereafter, remind one strongly of the genial Finn and his exploits. Cricket's feat of crossing Niagara on the back of a wire-stepper fairly out-Hucks the earlier adventurer. But from that point the story loses its refreshing casualness, and proceeds by steady march toward a perceptible end which is not unlike the end of other novels. This is perhaps only to say that Mr. Bacheller is more of a novelist than Mr. Clemens. His humor is as genuine, though with a leaning toward sentiment, and the flavor of his people and his scenes is as truly of the soil as Mr. Clemens's or Mr. De Morgan's. It is delightful to find an American novelist now and then who can picture American types without self-consciousness; as if to say that the Lord might have actually made them to be regarded as finished beings, and not merely as tentative studies which we admit do not quite succeed in being this, or which we assure you do succeed in being that.

The "hand-made gentleman" himself is, to be sure, highly self-conscious: a wooden-legged peddler bent upon making himself a gentleman and a millionaire. It is not the desire of the moth for the star, the hopeless struggle of the peasant to become the prince; for with us there is no such forlorn hope. The peddler succeeds. He is, however, rather the least interesting person in the story. Nor are the counterfeit presentments of old Vanderbilt and Mr. Carnegie, exciting as it is to meet "real people" in fiction, the best that Mr. Bacheller has to offer. Into their company, no doubt, the hand-made gentleman's "Sal" (a "Tono-Bungay" of housewifery) brings us not too obviously by the ears. But the commercial anecdotes related in connection with the celebrities are good newspaper or magazine material, nothing more. The person of whom we do not hear enough, the real hero of the story in no canting sense, is "Pearl." The presence of this gentle, philosophical, unapplauded figure in the background offers its unspoken ironical commentary on what would otherwise seem to be the too-familiar moral of the book. Old Pearl is far greater in heart and soul than the hand-made gentleman, infinitely greater in mind. But he is just a failure: he just does not win the woman he loves, his important inventions are just anticipated by others. He becomes a protégé of the hand-made gentleman, and takes his wage without bitterness; a noble figure drawn without a stroke of false sentiment.

The House with No Address. By E. Nesbit. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The author of "The Incomplete Amorist" and "The Wouldbegoods" does not know how to be dull, and presumably would make little use of her knowledge if she did. The present story is of a rather nondescript sort—a cross of romantic idyl and tale of horror. The beginning is idyllic, and the transition to the gruesome pretty violent. A lovely and lonely English girl of a not uncom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mon type becomes almost the prey of a designing fiddler. In due time she meets the man she can really love. The villain tries to make profit out of the situation; but on the eve of the marriage of the lovers it transpires that the villain has been murdered, and the girl twice (the second time knowingly) makes use of the dead man's head in her Salome dance in a London music hall. If by this time the whole affair did not strike one as artificial, a mere experiment in the vein macabre, the episode would be intolerable. To confound our confusion, the lover, who has hitherto seemed a decent chap, turns poltroon, and another has to be trumped up at short notice to fill out the heroic bill. In the succession of events no ingenuity is spared to put everybody at cross-purposes with everybody else, and in the end the girl gets the right man. A sufficiently lively essay, it will be seen, in the latest style of the blood-and-thunder romance. The author affects a familiar and rather facetious manner, and does not hesitate to let drive an apothegm now and then on her own account—most characteristic, perhaps, being the repeated assurance that "life is a rum thing." The proofs of this book have been very carelessly read.

"This My Son" (Les Noellets) By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a sombre rather than tragic tale of French peasant life. The translation reflects the simplicity and charm of the French original—a flavor rarely so well caught by an alien hand. The Noellets are a family of small proprietors, farmers in their own right, who have for generations toiled and planned in the Vendée. The father of the present Noellet has at last found it possible to invest their accumulated savings in the purchase of a farm which the impoverishment of a noble family has placed in the market. The present Noellet represents a culmination of the powers and ambitions of the race: a sturdy and tireless son of the soil, to whom a good harvest, a good appetite, and a steady surplus at the end of the year are the supreme benefits to be offered by life. To him are born two sons, the elder his physical counterpart, without love for the soil, but with strong intellectual and social ambitions. The younger inherits the ancestral character, but a comparatively feeble physique. In order to escape from farm life and win the education he covets, the elder pretends a wish to become a priest. When at the end of five years he tells his parents that he cannot enter the church, they are heart-broken, and in the end he is cast off by the father, who resents implacably the double treachery to himself and to the soil. This is but the beginning of the havoc wrought by the son's egotism. Study has so injured his eyes as to release him from military service, and his brother, in most respects his physical inferior, qualifies in his place, to be quickly broken down by the routine of the barracks. The elder son's ambition results only in his becoming a minor Parisian journalist, and his hope of marriage above his class is rudely frustrated. His death at the door of the country girl who has hopelessly but faithfully loved him rids society of a useless mongrel. It is plainly a story with a moral—the moral of fidelity to ancestry and to class; but it has none of the tediousness of the sugar-coated tract, nor has it the melodramatic obviousness which is perhaps suggested by a bald rehearsal of its incidents.

John Silence. By Algernon Blackwood. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

It is not strange that these weird tales of a "Psychic Doctor" should issue from that hotbed of the occult, Boston. They are a fine growth, if somewhat forced at times. They include stories of witchcraft, devil-worship, and the origin and end of a werewolf; distinctly the most impressive of the volume, however, is "The Nemesis of Fire," which has a touch of that peculiarly gruesome and haunting quality that made "The Turn of the Screw" a thing to shudder at in broad daylight. A mummy which had been placed at the time of its entombment under the protection of a Fire-Elemental, is stolen from its tomb and buried in the grounds of an English country-house, after being despoiled of its sacred scarabæus to make a brooch for the sister of the man who originally disturbed its rest. The revenge of the unseen custodian upon the desecrators of the ancient dead, culminating in the sister's return of the stolen treasure, too late to save herself from the fiery doom, is a story not easily forgotten. John Silence is a sort of spiritual Sherlock Holmes, a novel contribution to the gallery of autocratic specialists in various lines who tower in the pages of modern fiction. Truly there are giants on the bookstalls in these days; it may be human nature's defiance of the increasing stress laid upon the assertion that all men are created equal.

The Shores of the Adriatic: The Austrian Side; the Küstenlande, Istria, and Dalmatia. By F. Hamilton Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Dalmatia, the southernmost crownland of Cisleithan Austria, is beginning to unfold its charms to increasing numbers of tourists. In 1875 Freeman could still write:

> Given such weather as suits fair-weather sailors, there can hardly be any enjoyment more thoroughly unmixed than a sail along the coasts of Dalmatia. First of all, there is a freshness about everything. Here is a portion of land which is thoroughly unhackneyed; the coasts, the islands, the channels of Dalmatia are as yet uninvaded by the British tourist. No Cook's ticket can be taken for Spalato, no hotel coupon would be of the slightest use at Sebenico.

To-day the Austrian Lloyd maintains a regular steamer service between Trieste and the towns of Dalmatia, and Cook's tickets for any of them may be purchased in New York, as well as in London. It cannot be said, however, that the manufacture of good guide-books to that enchanted region has kept pace with the awakening interest in it. In spite of such recent publications as Maude M. Holbach's agreeable, if superficial, "Dalmatia, the Land Where East Meets West," Freeman's complaint almost literally holds good to-day: "The best guide to those parts is still the account written by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus more than nine hundred years back." The English reader may indeed gather from Freeman's own discursive "Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice" much valuable historical information, and from Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson's authoritative "Dalmatia and Montenegro," published sixty years ago, a painstaking account of those features of the daily life of the races of the Eastern shore of the Adriatic which Freeman so consistently ignored; while T. G. Jackson's classic work, "Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria (1887)," remains the best English account of the architectural and archæological treasures of the towns of which it treats. Thanks, moreover, to the fact that every Dalmatian town boasts some learned antiquary willing to place his local lore at the disposal of foreign students, there exist many treatises on single topics relating to Dalmatia, such as Villari's admirable "The Republic of Ragusa," but nevertheless the average English or American tourist must still turn for general information concerning a trip through Dalmatia to the meagre pages of Baedeker or Murray.

Nothing in the title of F. Hamilton Jackson's "Shores of the Adriatic" indicates that the author appeals to but a limited public. It is a companion volume to his work on the Italian side of the Adriatic and, like it, is chiefly concerned with the architectural and decorative aspects of his subject. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Jackson's "Dalmatia," and he has drawn on many Italian, French, and German authorities (the titles of the works of the last-named are not always correctly spelled). The thread of personal narrative is barely discernible in the mass of tediously minute historical detail which alternates with the plans of basilicas and the enumeration of the mosaics, embroideries, chalices, croziers,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monstrances, plate, and vestments enshrined within the cathedrals. Paintings and statuary, it is true, are by no means neglected, but it is characteristic of the author's point of view that the list of "craftsmen" in the index includes Bellini, Carpaccio, Palma Vecchio, Paolo Veronese, Pordenone, Sansovino, Tintoretto, and Titian. Nor is any critical attempt made to set the reader right as to the authenticity of the Titians to be found at Verbosca and Ragusa. Of more general interest are the descriptions of the Morlaks, the picturesque Slavic inhabitants of Istria and Dalmatia, but their marriage and religious customs, their folk-lore, proverbs, music, and song, their amusements, superstitions, and vendettas might, with profit to the book, have claimed more space than the author has assigned them. Nor, in general, can it be said that he has set forth a tithe of the charms possessed by a region which bears the impress of a history of two thousand years, during which Illyrians, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, Venetians, Croats, Serbs, Hungarians, Turks, and Austrians struggled for possession. Mr. Jackson, like so many of his predecessors, does indeed full justice to the architectural splendor of Dalmatia's past; he sings the praises of Diocletian's palace at Spalato, of the palace of the rectors of the republic at Ragusa, as well as of the cathedral of Sebenico, which has been termed "one of the noblest, most striking, most simple, most Christian of all churches"; but Dalmatia, the land of wonderful fjords and noble harbors, of lovely islands famed in literature and naval warfare, of proud, sea-girt cities on frowning cliffs concealing a primitive hinterland; the country which bears everywhere the image of the winged lion of Venice, but is destined to witness ere long the disappearance of Italian speech as the culmination of the struggle between its Italian and Slavic elements—this Dalmatia is still to be adequately described.

Pictorially, Mr. Jackson's volume is rather attractive. One of the most striking of the full-page photographs exhibits a group of Albanian horse-dealers at Cattaro, whose countenances do not belie the reputation for ferocity enjoyed by these untamed sons of ancient Illyria.

William Godwin und Mary Wollstonecraft. Von Helene Simon. Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

Seldom may the author of a work, stamped with the thorough spirit of a model Doctorate *Arbeit*, be congratulated on its literary finish and mechanical and artistic production, as in the case of this first combined biography of these two distinguished and much misunderstood reformers. The wonder is that no one before this German author, especially that no English writer, has felt the exceptional attraction of their lives and works as something intricately associated together. Separated too early by the untimely death of Mary Wollstonecraft, honored long as separate personalities—as in the National Portrait Gallery, where each has a place, but in widely distinct classifications—they have too often been dissociated by historian and critic, and their aims have been misinterpreted. Godwin especially, according to Helene Simon, has been wrongly or inadequately characterized. Thus, Karl Diehl, in 1890, aided by Kegan Paul's edition of Godwin's Letters and Journals, recognized in Godwin the founder of the anarchist theory, and to this place Miss Simon assigns him; but Kropotkin, although he also lived in England, and Richard Stammler maintained that Proudhon was the father of anarchy. Pierre Ramus and Walter Borgius, on the other hand, would make of Godwin the "theorist of communistic anarchy," while Anton Menger finds in him not only anarchy, but Socialism, and calls him "the first scientific socialist of modern times." Miss Simon seeks to rescue Godwin from this unholy mixture of anarchy, communism, and Socialism, and insists that his true title is the founder of individualistic or pure anarchy. In this respect, Godwin was quite unlike such reforming contemporaries as Owen, for he reached directly no practical goal. He was, as biographer, historian, novelist, and dramatist, a "revolutionist of heads," and a scatterer of seed among other minds.

As to Mary Wollstonecraft, although she died when only thirty-eight, she is without doubt the first notable leader in the movement for greater freedom for women; but she was more than an agitator for political rights and her goal was greater than that of the French upheaval, which also mightily stirred her soul. She sought to ennoble the conception of motherhood, to awaken a greater sense of responsibility among women, and to elevate their position primarily as human beings rather than as mere women; and so the most of her writings have a pedagogical value for the generation of to-day, and a nobler spirit than that which characterizes the polemics of most twentieth-century agitators. Both Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft were misunderstood in their theories of marriage. Both, according to Miss Simon, strove to elevate the relation of the sexes; and if they erred, it was not through youthful carelessness, but a deep conviction that what they did was right.

The author reviews with care the various steps in the development of both her hero and her heroine, individually and when striving together, and analyzes their respective works, giving, as a welcome aid, an exceptionally good bibliography. Among the most interesting and touching chapters is that which pictures the death of Mary, the despair of William, and the runaway match, after the mother's death, and bitter hours of later repentance of their sixteen-year-old daughter Mary with the poet Shelley. Three portraits, two of Mary Wollstonecraft and one of Godwin, after the paintings in the National Portrait Gallery, add much to the attractiveness of this memorial.

Science.

RAIL MOTOR CARS.

The receiver of the Third Avenue road in New York has ordered an experimental gasolene-electric street-railway car for use where the track conduit is impracticable. This action brings up again the question whether it is possible to design a rail motor car, with power entirely self-contained, which will be able to compete effectively with some of the existing means of transportation.

Railway managers have long known that there are some kinds of service for which the steam train is not economical. The smallest locomotive it is practicable to build under present conditions of design can haul three or four cars just as well as it can haul one; yet there is an enormous amount of branch-line mileage where one passenger car can handle all the business. Moreover, if a single passenger car is adapted to a small steam locomotive, it yet requires a train crew of three, since neither the engineer, the fireman, nor the conductor can be dispensed with. Thousands of miles of branch-lines are traversed every day by passenger trains which do not earn their operating expenses. Yet they must be run to accommodate the public, and to aid in developing territory.

To solve this branch-line problem, many experiments have been tried with rail motor cars. Certain English railway managers took the matter up about six years ago, and built small steam motors as fast as the shops could turn them out. The success of the gasolene road motor car has induced experiments with gasolene rail motor cars in many countries; but they have not been very successful, principally because they were much heavier than the ordinary automobile, so that their inertia worked against the mechanical principle of a motor driven by a series of explosions; while there was always apt to be trouble with the gears. As a result, gasolene rail motor cars show excellent running economies when in good working order, but are burdened with more than offsetting shop and repair costs. So far as we know, but one type of this car is in successful commercial use in America. The question really turns on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the efficient life of the machinery, and to determine this scarcely enough time has elapsed. Yet the Union Pacific has great faith in the experiment; it owned sixteen of these cars at the time of its last annual report, and has been increasing the number rapidly.

There have been two important reports on the general subject of rail motor cars; one by the Rock Island Motive Power Committee in 1904, the other by a special committee appointed in 1907 by the general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad to visit Europe and examine the whole question. The Rock Island committee pointed out the important operating economies to be had by using single motor cars in the place of trains; it listed the three general types in use, and expressed its opinion that a steam-driven composite car was the best solution of the problem. Yet the company has not been very active in following out the report of its own committee, although it has recently completed an experimental steam motor car.

The report of the Pennsylvania committee, on the other hand, brought out the fact that the managements of the British railways show no enthusiasm over the working of their steam motor cars, although in 1907 the Great Western had 84 of these machines operating on 44 lines. English railways are compelled to provide fully equipped stations at all regular stops of their steam trains, together with a complete staff of attendants; but in the operation of rail motor cars they are permitted to establish stops called "halts," without any accommodations or conveniences for passengers except a low platform. Here is a legal, rather than a mechanical, reason why these cars may be profitable in England. The Pennsylvania committee found that steam motor cars were successful in Germany, although all rail motor cars were considered experimental. Tests have been made in Italy and France with steam motor cars, but the results are not conclusive.

In two countries—England and Germany—gasolene-electric cars have been tried, with indifferent success. Yet the gasolene-electric car, in which the gas engine impersonates a miniature powerhouse, while the electric equipment turns the wheels under the car, has certain mechanical advantages arising from the absence of the gear problem and from the fact that electricity, not being explosive in its action, picks up the inertia of a stationary car more patiently and with less general rack and wear than does gasolene. The difficulty with these cars has been their complexity and costliness, both to build and to maintain, while their working results have been irregular.

With five nations engaged, and with fair results already achieved, it may be assumed that the problem will be solved sooner or later. Besides the economy of branch-line working, rail motor cars can perform an important service on main lines in picking up passengers at express stations after the passage of the fast train and distributing them at small cost to local stations; while, by a reversal of this process, the express stations are filled with passengers in advance of the through train. On street railways, they can be run without the abomination of the overhead trolley, and also in localities where the underground conduit is impracticable. As soon as rail-motor cars can be built and operated economically, they will give a new prospect of convenient and efficient transportation.

The Face of the Earth. (Das Antlitz der Erde.) By Edward Suess. Translated by Hertha B. C. Sollas, under the direction of W. J. Sollas. Vol. III; pp. viii-400, pl. i-vii, fig. 1-23. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75.

This translation of Edward Suess's great physiographic classic places at the command of English-speaking readers and students a mass of recorded fact and discussion not elsewhere accessible. In the preceding volumes the movements of the earth's crust, the mountain ranges of the earth, and the abysses of the sea had been described. In the third volume the "face of the earth" is especially treated, the aim of the author being to detect and emphasize the great structural features. Folding is recognized to be universal, if we draw no distinctions as regards geologic time. We may then look for underlying systems in the axial trends and arrangements of the elevations. The method of attack is to pass the large continental areas in review. The present volume is chiefly occupied with Asia; only toward the close is Europe reached. The other continents remain for future treatment.

Two great structural features are brought out in especial relief, a vertex from which mountain systems radiate, and an arc which characterizes the curving course of the lines of elevation. For Asia, and to a certain extent for Europe, these are traced with much success, but whether the convex curve can be universally found is a constant question which arises in the reader's mind. Nevertheless, on the perusal of this volume, as in the reading of the previous volumes, one is profoundly impressed with the range and accuracy of the venerable author's reading. He sums up into one connected whole the many little-known ranges of Asia and the better-described and studied chains of Europe, so that a large number of scientific observations and much recorded knowledge are now easily available, which before were scattered and almost inaccessible.

The translation has been acceptably and accurately done. Revisional assistance has been given, as a felicitous token of respect to Professor Suess, by the most eminent of the English and Australian geologists.

The *Annales de Géographie* for May contains articles descriptive of regions in Algeria and French West Africa, and also of a chart of Mt. Blanc, which is interesting as being "the first geometric representation on a grand scale of a French mountain mass." Charts of the whole chain of French Alps to Nice, twenty-two in number, are in preparation. There is also a summary of hydrological and meteorological observations in some Norwegian fiords, taken by a French naval vessel, the Bougainville. The editor, L. Gallois, contributes an historical sketch of the part which the Academy of Sciences took from its foundation in 1666 by Colbert in securing a large topographical map of France.

Dr. Heinrich von Ranke, nephew of the historian and himself a distinguished physician, has died at Munich in his eightieth year. He was appointed professor in the University of Munich in 1874, and wrote largely for the magazines on topics of medicine and archæology.

Giovanni Vailati, a native of Crema, Lombardy, and a frequent contributor to both Italian and foreign periodicals, including American journals of mathematics and philosophy, died in Rome, May 14, at the age of forty-six. After graduating from the University of Turin he served for several years on the staff of its mathematical department, and afterwards taught in the Istituto Tecnico at Florence. Appointed a member of the Royal Commission for the Reform of Secondary Education, he had devoted his time during the past three years chiefly to problems of school organization and pedagogy.

Drama and Music.

"Little Eyolf" and "A Doll's House" have been published by John W. Luce & Co., Boston and London, in a new edition to be known as The Players' Ibsen, newly translated into English from the definitive Dano-Norwegian text, and edited, with introductions and notes, by Henry L. Mencken. Each play is well printed, in clear, black type, in a little pocket volume, attractive in appearance and convenient for transportation. The editorial matter—which has the merit of brevity—and the notes contain useful information for the general reader, but are less trustworthy in their critical opinions than in their statements of fact. Not every student of Ibsen will subscribe to all the estimates placed upon his genius or his influence. In the translation great pains have been taken not only to follow the exact phraseology of the original, but also to reproduce, so far as possible, the more delicate shades of verbal meaning by which Ibsen sought to throw light upon the characters of his personages. To what extent this has been accomplished could only be determined by a close comparison with the original, which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is scarcely necessary at this time. As a matter of fact, a perfect translation is impossible. The spirit and genius of one language cannot be transferred, in bulk, to another. This is particularly true in the case of poetry, and all who wish to appreciate Ibsen justly as a poet must learn his native tongue. But there is no good reason for supposing that his prose works have lost much in the process of their conversion into English. On the contrary, it is generally admitted that he has been particularly happy in his translators. The text of this latest version of "Little Eyolf" does not differ greatly from that of Mr. William Archer, and the changes in it, where they do occur, do not always commend themselves; for speaking and acting purposes they are often less effective and less natural. But, after all, these changes are of no great importance, and the latest text is good enough for all practical purposes. Its one real superiority lies in the handy form in which it is offered.

Discussing a recent performance by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Art in London, a prominent critic writes:

It is expected—it might almost be said to be demanded—of the students of such an institution that they should know the grammar of their art; and they do so. They know how to speak, how to move, how to stand, and to stand still: But they know more than this—in some cases much more. Having mastered the grammar, they have been taught to turn their knowledge to artistic effect, for the expression of themselves through their parts.

From this it would appear that the institution founded by Beerbohm Tree some years ago, which includes many well-known actors in its corps of instructors, is really doing good work. The same thing could be said truthfully of the Academy in New York. Theoretically, a good school of acting ought to be just as effective as a repertory theatre in the manufacture of capable actors; but, actually, it is almost always handicapped by the lack of the proper raw material. As a general rule, young men and women possessing the histrionic instinct in any marked degree—although they would probably profit by a little wholesome instruction more than others having no ability of the kind—scorn the idea of school when they can earn a little money in some subordinate capacity, with the chance of working their way up. In the days of the old stock companies they secured a general education easily enough, but in recent years even the best actors have been confined to special lines. Now there seems to be some likelihood that the old school of acting may be restored.

William Devereux, author of "William of Navarre," is to write a play for Lewis Waller on the subject of Walter Raleigh. The interest will centre in the discovery of a plot to dethrone Elizabeth in favor of Queen Mary, and the courtship and marriage of the hero will be prominent features.

D'Annunzio has written a Punch and Judy act for Naples, called "Tares." But it will probably be given first in Milan, at the Manzoni Theatre, and a company has been especially engaged to appear in it. This play is to be translated into French for the Grand Guignol of Paris. D'Annunzio says that he never enjoyed himself more than he did while writing this little sketch.

Russian opera has been made a special feature of the Monte Carlo season by Raoul Gunsbourg, the enterprising manager. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" and Rubinstein's "Demon" were mounted by him in turn, and then came Dargomijsky's "Russalka." The composer of "Russalka," who died in 1869, may claim with Glinka the distinction of founding the school of "Young Russians" which has included in its ranks Balakirev, César Cui, Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. His music is little known outside of Russia, and the success which "Russalka"—originally performed in 1856—seems to have obtained at Monte Carlo is hardly likely to lead to its production elsewhere. Tchaikovsky, it is true, did not rate his compatriot's gifts very highly, but this does not mean much, seeing how perverse were the views he not infrequently expressed concerning the works of other composers, and that he was unfavorably disposed towards the circle to which Dargomijsky belonged.

The Chinese have programme music and had it long before we did. Consul-General Clarence E. Gauss at Shanghai has come upon pieces of music entitled "Opening the Hand," "The Maid of the Green Willow," "Mother Understands Me Well," "Alone at Home," "Dame Wang," "The Abode of Love," "The Widow's Lament," "Painting Fans," "Breaking the Looking-glass," "Making Verses with a Bird," "The Locust's Fate," "The Seal of Longevity," "The Ladder of Happiness," "The Happy Dream," "The Men Who Fear Their Wives," "The Crockery-mender." The consul also calls attention to the fact that Chinese music is divided into two classes, ritual and popular. Under the name of ritual music must be comprehended all music performed at court or at religious ceremonies. Under popular music are grouped all theatrical, ballad, professional, and ordinary street song music.

Dr. John W. Bischoff, the "blind organist of Washington," died in that city on Sunday. He had played the organ at the First Congregational Church in Washington for thirty-five years, and his annual concerts have long been musical events of prominence. He became blind when he was two years old. Among his many compositions were "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," "Unanswered," and "Bobolink."

Art.

THE TWO SALONS.

PARIS, May 18.

The chief impression made by the two Salons this year, as for several years past, is one of disappointment. There seems to remain not even a faint reëcho of the strong and healthy movement among artists that resulted in the new Salon twenty years ago, nor are there any signs of a new generation "knocking at the door." And yet, to come straight to the big annual exhibitions in Paris from the bazaar into which the Royal Academy in London has degenerated, is to be, as always, struck with their workmanlike aspect and atmosphere, as well as with the fact that in France art still has its uses, and the artist a chance to work for a more definite end than the catering to popular taste. There may not be a fortune for the French artist—as there is to-day for the American—in the commission of state or municipality, or other public bodies, but at least there is the opportunity from which many of the world's masterpieces have sprung.

At all events some of the most interesting, if not the most successful, work at the new Salon is to be found among the huge mural decorations, for it is one of the redeeming features of the poorest Salon that a place should always be made for them. The centre of honor in the room at the top of the stairway in the new Salon is this spring devoted to M. Ménard's series of enormous panels for the Faculté de Droit at Paris. To my knowledge, he has never before attempted anything on so vast a scale. His subjects are the same as in his smaller canvases—romantic landscapes, with ideal or mythical figures well subordinated to them. The great clouds piled up high in the heavens, the wooded hillsides, the tranquil pastures and solemn groves, the men and women in heroic nudity or graceful drapery tending their herds or wandering in peace, the horsemen who might have ridden straight out of the frieze of the Parthenon, are all arranged with the right feeling for their decorative value. They have the charm Ménard always brings to his poetic interpretation of nature. But mere size can add nothing to this charm; indeed, I am not sure that it does not take something away. Still, experiment will carry the artist further than perseverance in the old and easy grooves.

The methods and conventions of M. Aman-Jean, on the other hand, are adapted to decoration, no matter on what scale he works. He may go to nature for a motive, but never for models, and he finds a decorative formula even for his portraits. But languor of late has overtaken him, and he scarcely seems to have the vigor, or vitality, to cover so vast a space as his panel for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It has already the faded look of an old fresco. Comédie is his subject. You remember what Watteau would have made of it, and then you look to the pale, formal garden where strolling players move like shadows through a listless performance for the pleasure, apparently, of three wan, weary ladies who have hardly the strength left to follow it with their heavy eyes, and you are inclined to see in conception and execution alike only the affectations of the painter. But Aman-Jean understands as well as Puvis de Chavannes the appropriateness of a pale color-scheme to the decoration

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a wall of which it becomes a part; he understands, too, that the suggestion of action in the group arranged across his foreground would have destroyed the decorative illusion, and that a less artificial setting would not have yielded lines as rhythmical. Ménard's panels may be robust in comparison, but set up in place, Aman-Jean's will probably tell with more effect.

His decorative treatment certainly is more in keeping than the pictorial tendency of Gaston La Touche in his rendering of a somewhat similar subject, Théâtre de Verdure, which is intended as a decoration of a stairway for the Mercier Frères, but which is little more than a picture that might be hung up in its frame anywhere. The panel by M. Besnard to complete his decoration for the cupola in the Petit Palais, as you see it in the new Salon, with its large nude Venus the centre of a disjointed composition, seems coarse and without structural coherence. But few modern artists have had more experience in decoration than Besnard, and it may very likely be that in the cupola the coarseness will become refinement and the design take its place as a logical part in the larger scheme. The only other work of the kind that I found of interest was M. Boutet de Monvel's series of Projets for his decoration of the basilica at Dourémy. For his treatment of these three events in the career of Joan of Arc, he has borrowed the method of the old illuminator, working in pure brilliant color, with the most minute attention to every detail, in the gorgeous ceremonial as in the intricate ornament of priestly robes and knightly armor, and yet managing to produce a broad and harmonious effect, and to prove that the artist of to-day may go to the past for inspiration without ceasing to be modern.

In the old Salon, the big designs amount to little more than the yearly *machins* manufactured to create a sensation and, if possible, make a *réclame*. One of the best and most scholarly is M. Gervais's Garden of the Hesperides. But while, with an artist like Besnard, you feel that he is absorbed in the artistic problem no matter how successful or unsuccessful he may be in his way of solving it, with Gervais, though he too deals with classic legend, you cannot help suspecting that a more important end is the popular success, to be had at the Salon only by a louder and more sensational bid for it than anybody's else. And so, for him the Garden of Hesperides becomes a dazzling spectacle, violent in light, hot in color, filled with nude figures and flowers and many-hued beasts, and birds—a place to be avoided by the poet in search of peace and beauty. From this, you descend to lower depths of sensationalism, until you can go no deeper than a huge interior of Notre Dame painted in theatrical perspective and hung where it can tell almost as well as on the stage, and so catch the eye of all the gaping crowd.

A decorative motive runs through much of the smaller work at the new Salon, even through pictures not intended definitely for such an end. It still struggles with the pictorial motive in all La Touche's canvases, though his fantasies begin to border close upon anecdote. It is felt in the four small paintings by Mr. Frieseke, who in them has left the boudoir for the open air. He evokes such cool and pleasant harmonies from so simple a fact in nature as the falling and filtering of sunlight through green leaves upon shady green pools and streams, that I regret the more the failure, as I cannot but think it, of his Femme nue à la Toilette, a large nude realistic study of a not too refined model. But in this, as most always in his work, the detail is rendered with great delicacy. The responsibilities of realism never weigh heavily upon Mr. Morrice. Whether he paints the snow in Canada, the sea in Brittany, the quays in Paris, nature is never for him a problem of planes and atmosphere and light, but exists solely to suggest inexhaustible arrangements of color and line. Mr. Barlow is another who sees, or tries to see, in the life around him nothing save harmonious and rhythmical combinations, the tone always low, the feeling always tender, the charm rarely absent. Chanson Rose he, this year, calls one of his usual gray interiors with the group of quiet, simple figures, and the title is expressive of his aims and methods in all.

It is because comparatively few pictures appear to have given their painters any pleasure at all that they produce such an effect of general dulness. Take the portraits, for instance; only one or two, here and there, seem to have been anything better than a task to the weary artist. The most brilliant exceptions are M. Boldini's two of women, one of a man and his wife. Whatever may be thought of them, it is as impossible to deny the vivacity with which they are painted as the fact that they are the work of a master of his trade. They are exaggerated in pose and movement; in the impossibly elongated figures, in the tight-clinging draperies, in the exuberant elegance of silks and satins and furs, in their truth to, or rather caricature of, the fashions of the moment; but they are alive, enormously accomplished, with a technical vigor and dash that no other portrait painter to-day can approach. They seem the more startling because the year otherwise is not remarkable in portraiture. M. Blanch had an interesting sitter in Henry James, but has failed, or so I cannot help thinking, to grasp his character: had it not been for the name in the catalogue, the portrait to me would have been unrecognizable. Another chance for a strong study of character has been lost by Mr. MacCameron (old Salon), who shows us a very colorless President in his portrait of Mr. Taft. Indeed, our statesmen fare rather ill at the hands of their painters, Mr. Charles Joseph Bonaparte figuring with as little distinction, or semblance of individuality, on the canvas of Mme. Cécile de Wentworth.

Most of the older men—Carolus-Duran, Roll, La Gandara—are poorly represented. Even M. Caro-Delvaille has no portrait that can compare with his fine group of a few years ago, now in the Luxembourg, and is much more interesting in his study of the nude, Groupe Païen, which, however, is not pagan at all. The figures of the man and woman both are modern in type and treatment, though he seems to have been haunted by memories of Michelangelo and to have sought, by giving them heroic dignity, to escape the commonplace of the mere Salon nude to which he condescended in his picture of last spring. Zorn, Zuloaga, Sargent, are not represented. But it is a year of absences, and Louis Legrand and Anglada are also among the many who send nothing. Unfortunately, if the two Spaniards, Zuloaga and Anglada, who have made the success of modern Spanish art, do not show, the Spanish picture is bigger and more in evidence than ever—especially in the old Salon—so much in evidence that one passes quickly by even the most cleverly painted Spanish gypsy or Spanish peasant, Spanish bull-fighter or Spanish dwarf. In the few years since Zuloaga first took the new Salon by storm, his imitators in new and old have already made a hackneyed story of his subjects.

Individuality counts even in a big exhibition, and the man who has something to say for himself triumphs in the end. This is why M. Veber seems to have lost nothing of his gayety. Besides, this year he has had the intelligence to refrain from decoration on a large scale and to return to the small canvas to which his little figures more appropriately belong. He has one or two of the tavern scenes that have won him the name of the "modern Breughel," but his caricature, his satire, rather, of the people of to-day is so cruel in its truth that he is really amusing only in his comic versions of old myths or fairy tales. M. Hochard also conquers by sheer force of personality, though neither his way of looking at things nor of presenting them qualifies him best for the illustration of Flaubert, which he now undertakes. Walter Gay, by the personal touch he gives to the little interiors he loves to paint; Jean Béraud, by sheer literalness in his realism, on as minute a scale, command more attention than the painters who sprawl,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with nothing of their own to say, over colossal expanses of canvas. But the picture that attracted me most by its originality, at least in selection of subject, was Jules Adler's Hauts Fourneaux at Charleroi, exhibited in the old Salon. Here is a painter who has had the eyes to see the picturesqueness, the romance of work, to discover the splendor of gaunt, unlovely factories and chimneys when transformed by the magic of the smoke-laden atmosphere. The canvas is large, and evidently the painter has not known what to do with his foreground; the color is leaden, and the smoke is heavy, but, with all its faults, the picture comes as an eloquent reminder that beauty exists in the modern world as in the ancient.

I say less of the landscapes because, excellent as many are, the landscape painters are so apt to fall into repetition, or mannerism, that one year's picture is very like a copy of last year's. This certainly is the case with M. Lhermitte, who better than anyone else can give the effects of afternoon light shining on the stream with its lines of washerwomen bending over the bank, or on the field where harvesters are at work; and with M. Billotte who, by sheer sympathy and the tenderness of his scheme of gray, can fill the waste lands of the squalid suburb with poetry; and, in the old Salon, with Pointelin, whose heath never loses its gentle melancholy; and Harpignies, whose composition never loses in stateliness; and Gosselin, whose trees rise with slim unerring grace from the ever-green countryside. M. Le Sidaner, wherever he goes, to London or the French provincial town, to Venice or the Italian lakes, takes the same technique with him, until even the silent hours of the night lose their repose in the restlessness of his system of dots or touches of color. Now and then a new note is struck, by Charles Warren Eaton, in the old Salon, or by M. Popesco, a Rumanian, in the new. But, for the rest, there is little to add, unless it is to say that the influence of the Plein-Air school and the Impressionists seem to grow less as time goes on, and Monet, for the moment any way, is not so much the prophet as Corot.

One improvement is to be noted at the new Salon. The prints have been brought from the lower rooms, where hardly anybody ever went to look at them, to the balcony upstairs where there is space to hang them so that they can be seen. To tell the truth, however, they do not include very much worth seeing. The huge color etching is now all the fashion, and it is used chiefly for the reproduction of pictures, to which the medium does not lend itself. But painter after painter, waking up to its success, has rushed in to profit by it, until one can only hope that this fashion, like so many others, will die from its very excess. Mr. McLaughlin's etchings and M. Warsquier's Japanese-like designs in the new Salon, Mr. Wolf's and M. Hoenemann's wood-engravings, and M. Belleroche's lithographs, in the old Salon, are among the most interesting prints of any kind that are shown.

Among the many drawings in many mediums, I saw nothing that interested me so much as M. Milcendeau's Jour de Marché à Ledesma, a pastel, in which he has managed to forget that any artist ever worked in Spain before him, and by depending entirely upon his own impressions has once more given freshness to a stale subject.

Of the smaller exhibitions within the large, I need only say that in the new Salon a room has been set apart for the drawings of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and a wall in the decorative art section devoted to the illustrations and wall-papers of Walter Crane.

The French sculptor, like the French painter, enjoys the advantage of definite commissions. He is not reduced to appeal with his every work to the capricious fancy of the chance customer. The old Salon shows numerous examples of his technical skill and accomplishment, though of his genius there is less convincing proof. At the new Salon more space is now spared to sculpture than at first, but not even there does the genius appear in larger numbers with the larger opportunity to exhibit. M. Rodin has nothing save a marble bust of Mme. Elissieff, to which he has given greater charm than he usually seeks in his work, but also a greater degree of finish, with, it seems to me, a consequent loss of character. Of the character which one expects in any portrait, no matter what the medium, I find more in Prince Troubetzkoy's statuette of Baron Henri de Rothschild, standing in what evidently is the pose most natural to him, with no concession to beauty of finish, but, instead, a rugged vigor in the rendering of his heavy and not over graceful form and outlines.

Altogether, if the two Salons help to prove the long-suspected truth that the glory of the big exhibition is on the wane, they still succeed in attracting more of the interesting work done today than do any others. N. N.

There is a growing tendency in certain quarters to regard Aubrey Beardsley as a great master. The latest evidence of this is "Aubrey Beardsley," by Robert Ross (John Lane), in which that artist's slender if real talent is treated with portentous seriousness. At best he had a pretty feeling for long lines, and for the spotting of pure blacks. On the other hand, his sense of structure and his knowledge of the figure were nil, and his sentiment had an evident taint of corruption. He was distinctly *fin de siècle*, and the new century may hope for an art with robuster qualities.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts announces the award of its gold medal of honor, the highest award in the power of the institution to bestow upon an artist, to Thomas P. Anschutz. The present recipient was born in Newport, Ky., October 5, 1851. He was a student in the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and later in Paris, and has been an instructor in the academy schools since 1881. In the last annual exhibition in Philadelphia, where Mr. Anschutz received the Walter Lippincott prize, there were nearly one hundred representative American works by painters who had studied under him.

Ludwig Thiersch, an historical painter and for some years professor of painting at the Art School of Athens, has died at Munich in his eighty-fifth year. Among his notable paintings were a number done in the service of the Greek Church in the Byzantine style.

The death is announced from Paris of Guillaume Dubufe, the painter, on board a steamship bound for Buenos Ayres. He was born in 1853, the son of the well-known artist, Édouard Dubufe. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, secretary-treasurer of the Société des Beaux-Arts, president of the Société des Aquarellistes Français, and honorary president of the Société des Décorateurs. M. Dubufe painted the mural decorations for the French building at the St. Louis Exposition. He took the gold medal at the exposition of 1889.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF AN "INDUSTRIAL BOOM."

Last week's announcement of a $51,000,000 holding company, to own and operate certain dry-goods department stores in New York and other cities, has interested financial markets chiefly as a possible sign of the times. The new corporation does not, and in the nature of the case cannot, aspire to any such trade monopoly as has occasionally been discussed in connection with our great combinations of capital; and the capitalization in this instance cuts no such spectacular figure as the Steel Corporation and the Northern Securities amalgamations of 1901, or even the less startling combinations in the steel and copper trades during 1899. Nevertheless, it is a good while since applications at the rate even of fifty million dollars for outside capital have been witnessed on the market. Large offers of bonds by companies in high standing have been accepted readily enough, even in the doubtful days of 1908; but that is a familiar incident of the year or two following a financial panic. A shock to confidence, a formidable collapse in Stock Exchange speculation, invariably drive the investor into the market for high-grade securities. Uncertain or pessimistic over the immediate possibilities of engagements on a partnership basis,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he naturally takes refuge in engagements as a creditor.

But investment in new stock on an extensive scale, and especially the placing with the public of the shares of industrial combinations with enormous capital, point in a somewhat different direction. If the movement were to extend, it would at least indicate a change in the general public's attitude, for corporation stock has had a poor market ever since investment demand for that class of security shut down suddenly in the last months of 1906, to the great chagrin of railway managers who had already committed their companies to costly improvement plans. If the public were to show a genuine hunger for new stock of industrial amalgamations, we should presently hear talk of reviving the "flotation craze" of 1899 and 1901.

The question whether such a sequel is possible, may be worth considering. That the period which has elapsed since the panic of 1907 has differed in some important respects from the year or two following similar crises in our earlier history, most people are aware. The essential novelty in the present after-panic events has been the repeated display of the spirit of speculation, notably on the Stock Exchange. This is usually taken to mean confidence in speedy return to good times, or, at all events, confidence in return of former high values. The existence of such belief does not necessarily prove that the expectation is well-founded; it may be, and often has been, premature; but it usually indicates in the public's hands a substantial surplus of available capital, and it is this which would render interesting large new experiments in company promotion.

Comparison of this period with the "promotion era" of ten years ago, however, will in numerous respects fail to establish a parallel. The existence of a huge fund of ready money in the public's hands was an important factor in the outcome then; but the appeal to the public's imagination, through the visible trade conditions of the day, was at least equally important. Things were happening in our industrial history which astonished and excited even conservative observers. We were feeding Europe, for one thing; our wheat crops and our wheat exports had surpassed all precedent, while Europe's harvests had failed. Gold was pouring into America from abroad in unprecedented quantity. We were invading Europe's markets for manufactured goods, and had piled up an excess of $600,000,000 in merchandise exports over imports, where no previous year had achieved so much of an excess as $300,000,000. Our bankers were lending huge sums of money to the British government, and buying up control of British steamship lines on a scale which was thought at the time to threaten England's maritime supremacy. This was obvious material for arousing, not only the speculative instinct, but absolute confidence in any sort of incorporated enterprise put out under the auspices of important capitalists. Behind all this was the fact of the accumulation of capital, during the rigorous personal and business economies practised by the people as a whole for nearly half a dozen years.

It can hardly be said that the present period provides a parallel. Favorable considerations certainly exist, and they are for the most part those which existed, and which were pointed out, during the panic of 1907 itself—notably the sound condition of the currency, as distinguished from other periods of the sort, and the wealth and financial independence of the agricultural West. But we certainly have not with us the spectacular trade phenomena of a decade ago. We are not feeding Europe; our wheat exports are almost the smallest since the civil war, and our wheat crops are not running anywhere near the magnitude of 1901. Just now, our monthly excess of merchandise exports over imports has almost disappeared; for the year to date, it is the smallest in a dozen years. We are not importing gold, but have been exporting very heavily. The ventures of 1901 in foreign finance and in maritime acquisition have largely turn out illusion, and we have learned that ambitious experiments with capital, even at home, may go altogether too far.

All this does not mean that the country's present position is weak or precarious. Except for the more or less doubtful question of our grain crops, it may be that the present state of things is financially more wholesome than that of 1901, and that we are in a way to consolidate our economic strength on a sounder basis than in that feverish speculative era. But conditions of this sort have at least some bearing on the question of another "promotion craze." Conservative people are hoping that our financiers themselves will not lose their heads, as they have done on occasion heretofore, and attempt to force an unnatural movement of speculative inflation.

Financial.

Letters of Credit

Buy and sell bills of exchange and make cable transfers of money on all foreign points; also make collections, and issue Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in all parts of the world.

International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

No. 59 Wall Street, New York

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitken, Robert. Beyond the Sky Line. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Boccaccio, Giovanni. The Decameron. Translated into English, 1620. Introduction by Edward Hutton. Vols. III and IV. London: David Nutt.

Brigham, Louise. Box Furniture: How to Make a Hundred Useful Articles for the Home. The Century Co.

Cairns, William B. Selections from Early American Writers. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Davis, Richard Harding. The White Mice. Scribner.

Dejeans, Elizabeth. The Winning Chance. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

De Leon, T. C. Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the 60's. Dillingham. $3 net.

Dornis, Jean. Essai sur Leconte de Lisle. Paris: Société d'Éditions Littéraires et Artistiques.

Duckworth, Lawrence. Charter Parties and Bills of Lading. London: Effingham Wilson.

Dunham, Curtis. Gambolling with Galatea: A Bucolic Romance. Houghton Mifflin. $1.15 net.

Düring, Stella M. Love's Privilege. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

English Nativity Plays, Edited by Samuel B. Hemingway. Yale Studies in English, Vol. XXXVIII. Henry Holt.

Ferrero, Guglielmo. Characters and Events of Roman History—from Cæsar to Nero. Putnam. $2.50.

Finck, Henry T. Grieg and His Music. John Lane. $2.50 net.

Hall, Bolton. The Garden Yard: A Handbook of Intensive Farming. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.

Hartman, George. Tales of Aztlan. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Hartt, Rollin Lynde. The People at Play. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Hocking, William Ernest. Two Extensions of the Use of Graphs in Elementary Logic. Berkeley, Cal.: The University Press.

James, James Alton, and Sanford, Albert Hart. American History. Scribner's.

Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol. XIII, 1779. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Kuehnemann, Eugen. Charles W. Eliot. Houghton Mifflin.

Lighthall, W. D. The Master of Life. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd. $1.50.

Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists. Selected by Lionel Strachey. John McBride Co. $2.50 net.

Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists. Selected by Walter Littlefield. John McBride Co. $2 net.

McBride, R. E. The Revellers: Choruses of the Bacchai of Euripides, and The Third Book of Lucretius. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

McComb, Samuel. The Power of Self-Suggestion. Moffat, Yard & Co.

McIsaac, Isabel. The Elements of Hygiene. Macmillan. 60 cents net.

Marsh, Richard. The Interrupted Kiss. Cassell & Co. $1.50.

Matheson, George. Spiritual Development of St. Paul. Thomas Whittaker. 80 cents net.

Mathews, John Mabry. Legislative and Judicial History of the Fifteenth Amendment. Baltimore, Md.: The Johns Hopkins Press.

Merwin, Bannister. The Girl and the Bill. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.

Moffett, Cleveland. The Battle. Dillingham.

Moore, J. Howard. The New Ethics. Chicago: Samuel A. Bloch. $1 net.

Münsterberg, Hugo. The Eternal Values. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

Nascher, I. L. The Wretches of Povertyville: A Sociological Study of the Bowery. Chicago: Jos. J. Lanzit.

Noble Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Edited by Dana Estes. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Norris, Frank. The Third Circle. John Lane. $1.50.

Overstreet, Harry Allen. The Dialectic of Plotinus. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press.

Parsons, Frank. Choosing a Vocation. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patten, Simon N. Product and Climax. The Art of Life Series. B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Resurrectio Christi: An Apology Written from a New Standpoint and Supported by Evidence Some of which is New. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Truebner & Co.
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. A False Position. Brentano's. $1.50.
Rider, Fremont. Are the Dead Alive? Dodge & Co. $1.75 net.
Robinson, James Harvey, and Beard, Charles A. Readings in Modern European History. Vol. II. Europe Since the Congress of Vienna. Ginn & Co.
Rousseau, Jean-Jacques. Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse. Édition Abrégée avec préface de Frank A. Hedgcock. Putnams. $1 net.
Songs for the Chapel, Arranged for Male Voices. Edited by Charles H. Morse and Ambrose White Vernon. Scribners.
Studies in American Social Conditions: The Liquor Problem; The Negro Problem; Immigration; and The Labor Problem. Edited by Richard Henry Edwards. Madison, Wis.
Tompkins, Frederick Charles. Court Tennis, Racquets, and Squash. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Vachell, Horace Annesley. A Drama in Sunshine. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Vaille, P. A. Modern Golf. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler. History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5 net.
Walton, George Lincoln. Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Williams, Herschel. Uncle Bob and Aunt Becky's Exciting Trip. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 75 cents.
Wright, Livingston. Down the Road with a Tramp Writer. Boston: The Black Lion.

Worth Taking on Vacation

READY THIS WEEK

Witkowski's GERMAN DRAMA OF THE XIX CENTURY

Translated by Prof. L. B. HORNING.

This brief but brilliant monograph after a great success on the continent is to be published simultaneously in America and England. Commencing with the close of the Eighteenth Century, it considers Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Ludwig, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, Hauptmann, and minor dramatists. *Probable price $1 net.*

J. A. Picton's MAN AND THE BIBLE

A review of the place of the Bible in human history, which, while never lacking in reverence, seeks to show that the phenomena of the Bible and its relations to mankind are perfectly consistent with what is known of the process of human evolution. *$2 net.*

OTHER NOTEWORTHY RECENT BOOKS

FICTION

The Runaway Place. By WALTER P. EATON, ex-dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, and ELISE M. UNDERHILL. A romance of Central Park..... 1.25
Less Than Kin. By ALICE DUER MILLER, author of "A Modern Obstacle"..... 1.25
The Long Gallery. By EVA LATHBURY. A romance of "Southern Court"..... 1.50
The Pilgrim's March. By H. H. BASHFORD. A novel of England to-day. 3d printing 1.50
The Lady of the Dynamos. By ADELE M. SHAW and CARMELITA BECKWITH... 1.50
As The Hague Ordains. Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan. By ELIZA R. SCIDMORE. 8th printing. *net*..... 1.50
Witter Whitehead's Own Story. By H. G. HUNTING. A tale for boys..... 1.25
The Luck of the Dudley Grahams. By ALICE C. HAINES. A story for young folk. 1.50

HISTORY, ETC.

The Fate of the Iclodorum. By DAVID STARR JORDAN. A satire on protectionism. *net*.....90c.
The Builders of Spain. By CLARA CRAWFORD PERKINS, author of "French Cathedrals and Chateaux." 2 vols. 8vo. 64 illustrations. *net* 5.00
When Railroads Were New. By C. F. CARTER. Illustrated. Though intended for adults boys like it. *net*..... 2.00
Railroad Freight Rates. In relation to the industry and commerce of the United States. By L. G. MCPHERSON. 2nd printing. 8vo, *net* 2.25

NATURE BOOKS

Fish Stories. By CHARLES F. HOLDER and DAVID STARR JORDAN. Illustrated. In American Nature Series. 2nd printing. *net*.... 1.75
The Life of a Fossil Hunter. By CHARLES H. STERNBERG, with introduction by H. F. OSBORN. 48 illustrations. In American Nature Series. 2nd printing. *net*..... 1.60
Fifty Years of Darwinism. Eleven Addresses in Honor of Charles Darwin delivered before the American Association for The Advancement of Science. *net*..... 2.00

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, 34 WEST 33D ST. NEW YORK

THE ART OF LIFE SERIES
Edward Howard Griggs, Editor.

PRODUCT AND CLIMAX

BY SIMON N. PATTEN
(Author of "The New Basis of Civilization").
50c, net, postpaid 55c.

WHAT underlies our industrial discontent, our social unrest? Why is the laborer restless and sullen instead of happy in his task? Why must we create laws providing punishment for acts that ought never to occur to right-thinking people?

After pondering such questions the author finds wanting a proper balance between action in toil *and reaction in enjoyment.* He contrasts simple country life in which activity evokes immediate and healthy response with conditions in the city where toil and pleasure are incongruously joined.

To bring about the right relation between work and play with the purpose of making a happier race, is the author's aim, and, for the diagnosis of the disease and the suggestions for its cure, those who are interested in social and moral betterment are invited to read

PRODUCT AND CLIMAX

At all bookstores or of the publisher,
B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth avenue, New York

OUR LIBRARY SERVICE

We have recently supplemented our service to Libraries, by procuring Out-of-Print and Scarce Books, and by importing English books.

Our Educational Catalogue contains a full list of Supplementary Reading, indicating the grade to which each title is *adapted.*

Our Clearance Catalogue contains overstock at special prices, and an alphabetical arrangement by authors of all cheap editions of Recent Popular Fiction and Standard library 12mos in one list.

Our Library Catalogue of 3,500 approved titles, following A. L. A. lines, is of great convenience to small libraries.

Our Monthly Bulletin notices promptly every new book of importance.

These Catalogues are sent on request.

Three notable features of our service are: Promptness, thoroughness, and low prices.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers
33 East 17th St., New York.

The Musicians Library
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS
Oliver Ditson Co., Ditson Bldg., Boston, Mass.

New and Cheaper Edition in One Volume, with a Supplementary Chapter.

INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY

A Comparative Study of Industrial Life in England, Germany and America.

By ARTHUR SHADWELL, M.A., M.D., Author of "Drink, Temperance, and Legislation." Crown 8vo, $2.00 *net.*

"The most valuable and suggestive contribution to the living question of international competition that has yet been written."—*Chamber of Commerce Journal, London.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 91-93 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Letters and Memorials
OF
Wendell Phillips Garrison
Late Editor of The Nation
1865—1906
In one volume, crown 8vo, 300 pages, with photogravure portrait.
Price $1.50 net, postpaid
Houghton Mifflin Company
BOSTON NEW YORK

"The readable qualities of the
Historic Highways of America
volumes which give them the charm of story-telling are coupled with historical accuracy which makes them the standard works on the subjects covered."—*The Chautauquan.*
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., Cleveland, Ohio

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Topics of all kinds and in any language looked up in the Boston and Harvard libraries for scholars, writers, and others. Abstracts, copies, translations, and bibliographies made. Proof-reading and revision of manuscript. Highest university and library references.
MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

"TONO-BUNGAY"

Narrative Lyrics
See *The Nation* for May 13th, 1909.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED